

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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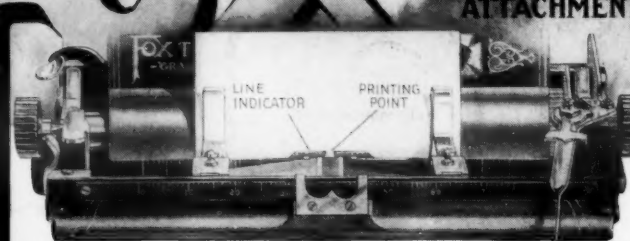
VOL XL NO 2
OCTOBER 5 1907

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Oct. 5

\$1500 in Prizes to Artists

IN ORDER TO PROVE to every artist in the country that Strathmore Drawing Papers and Boards are the best for an artist's use, we have decided to offer prizes aggregating fifteen hundred dollars for the best drawings executed upon Strathmore Water-color Paper under the following conditions:

There will be Six Prizes—

three for wash drawings and three for water-colors. The prizes are to be divided as follows:

Two First Prizes of \$500 each
Two Second Prizes of \$150 each
Two Third Prizes of \$100 each

The first prize for water-colors is to go to the best water-color drawing made upon Strathmore Water-color Paper—the best from an artist's point of view. The second prize to the next best, and the third prize to the third best. In the same way, three prizes for the first, second and third best black-and-white wash drawings.

The Decision of the Judges

is to be based entirely on the artistic merits of the drawings.

All Drawings

to be considered for this contest must be addressed to Prize Contest Department, Mittenague Paper Company, Mittineague, Mass., and must reach our office not later than five o'clock Jan. 31, 1908.

There are no conditions as to style of work

Each artist is to make the style of drawing best suited to his ability and powers, the only condition being that the drawing should be either wash or water-color and made upon Strathmore Water-color Paper. Each artist may submit one drawing in each class, if desired, but no more.

The Judges

have been selected to represent the best ideas in art in this country. Their names are as follows:

BLACK AND WHITE
Orson Lowell, Edward Penfield
Lucius W. Hitchcock, Thomas Fogarty
H. A. Thompson, Art Ed., Sat. Evening Post
J. G. Sommer, Art Editor, Collier's Weekly
WATER-COLOR
Frank X. Leyendecker
Albert Sterner, F. Luis Mora
Arthur W. Dow, Fine Arts, Columbia Univ.
Wm. Martin Johnson, Art Ed., The Delineator
J. H. Chapin, Art Editor, Scribner's Magazine

THE CONTEST WILL BE CONDUCTED UPON CONDITIONS GIVEN ABOVE

Any one who wishes may secure a copy of these conditions with a more complete description of the aims and purposes of this contest, in the form of a small folder, also samples of the drawing paper, by writing to us or responsible dealers. Any art club, art school or group of artists may receive any number of these circulars, sent to one address, for distribution among members or others, if desired, by writing to address below.

Prize Contest Dept., MITTINEAGUE PAPER CO., Mittineague, Mass., U. S. A.

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November McClure's

Burton J. Hendrick will describe in the first of these articles the operations of the Ryan, Whitney, Dolan, Widener, Elkins Syndicate, which made a monopoly on the street railways of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large cities, and represents a capitalization of one billion dollars.

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Collier's

The National Weekly

New York, Saturday, October 5, 1907



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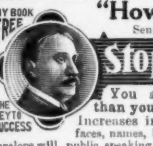
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Collier's
The National Weekly

New York, Saturday, October 5, 1907

Some Character Studies

A friend of Collier's has written to say that we ought to print something to balance a recent good cover design showing a line of cabs on Fifth Avenue. She describes effectively a contrasting subject.

"Go out to Watkins Glen," she advises, "and on some of the neighboring farms you will find a pine stump fence running up hill and down, with fantastic roots sticking into the air. It is ambushed and decorated by elder and bittersweet, a few stray hollyhocks between the gaps, possibly the 'barefoot boy' and sun-bonneted girl gathering huckleberries or wintergreen. A bird is whistling, 'Grub in plenty.' Get the whole outfit and plant it on Collier's cover."

This suggests a purpose which we have been considering for some time, to give space to studies of American types not so well known, perhaps, as those who drive in cabs on the Avenue. We have collected from two or three sources some pen pictures of individuals that will appear within the next few months. Joe Lincoln has written for us three sketches of New England town life, which will be used under the titles "The Old Maids," "The Oldest Inhabitant," and "Our House." Written in quite a different mood are three short studies of the typical immigrant, an average housemaid, and a Minnesota farmer. These "Interviews with the Undistinguished" have been secured by Richard Washburn Child, and they at least succeed in stating briefly three interesting questions that we are apt to thresh out when we begin to talk seriously about America. Two other vital studies by Emily B. Knipe, under the title "Tied to the Grind," are of the shop-girl. The life of this growing class of employees has offered a portrait-making opportunity that ought to console the Collier critic who thinks we are deferring too much to Fifth Avenue.

Football

The reappearance of the football teams on the checkerboard, now that the colleges have opened, has called for the appearance in Collier's of Walter Camp's first comment on the football season. It will be, as usual, distinguished by intelligence and a knowledge more thorough than any other commentator on the game possesses. Mr. Camp has promised a second article after the season is well under way, and a final article before Christmas time, giving the line-up of the All-America Eleven, and his reasons for choosing the men he does. The chance to illustrate Mr. Camp's studies with photographs of teams in the new formations, and of players who will make this season notable, of course, is one that will not be overlooked.

For October 12

Next week the second of Will Irwin's articles on "The Japanese and the Pacific Coast" will appear. It is an adequate explanation of the underlying causes of the recent riots in the Northwest. In the same number Samuel Hopkins Adams will have a second article on "Religious Journalism and the Great American Fraud," in which he will take up some of the spirited retorts drawn out by his first article. John Graham Brooks continues his discussion of the economic causes of the growing tendency toward race suicide in America. He says that it is necessary to abandon such words as "remedy" and "solution" and to confine any discussion just now to the question of "direction." "So far in this matter as we are facing wrong," he asks, "can we learn to face right?" According to Mr. Brooks, the answer to this involves a very radical amendment of a large part of our economic system. Inequalities of wealth, based on permitted privilege, he thinks must go. The relations between economic reform and the subsidence of race suicide, while not direct, are yet vital enough to lead to some reflections which Mr. Brooks sets down suggestively. He is, on the whole, optimistic.



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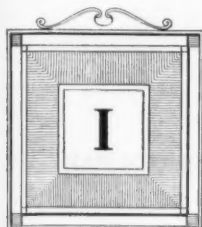
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The National Weekly

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NEW YORK

October 5, 1907



Headquarters Steps In

IS NOT MR. TAFT becoming a little overzealous about his party? When he talked against the Oklahoma Constitution he seemed to connect Republicanism with salvation, and in giving his reasons for being so excited over BURTON's contest with TOM JOHNSON he showed equal naïveté. "This contest can not be viewed with indifference by the Republican Party at large. The continuation of a strongly entrenched adverse organization in the largest city in one of the leading States of the Union should be prevented." Doesn't this make you want to go to sleep? Cleveland has local interests of her own, and if she must be treated not as a city solving city problems, but as one prize for the National Administration at Washington to fight the Democrats about, so much the worse for Cleveland. For our part, we hope her citizens will vote for what they deem the better policies and the better man, allowing the fight between Messrs. TAFT, FORAKER, BURTON, and ROOSEVELT about the Senatorship and the Presidency to proceed as may be. Cleveland is choosing a mayor to do the city's work, not a partizan to help national party schemes.

Tom Johnson

THE REAL ISSUE in Cleveland is the character and administration of the present Mayor. He, like every public official, should be held to a strict accountability for the way he has used his power. Those who look upon JOHNSON as a demagogue, an inexcusable tyrant, or a misleading fanatic should, whatever their party, vote for BURTON. Those who find in the Mayor not only one of the most level-headed, businesslike, and determined leaders of progress to-day, but also a man devoted to the people's cause, who pursues his duties without regard to partizan complications and with due regard to law—all who believe this, whatever their national labels are, should inform Mr. BURTON that, as far as he seeks to help the Administration interfere with local self-government, he takes an unwise step, and one which Cleveland emphatically condemns. The city's welfare is the only consideration.

Moods

WHILE MR. ROOSEVELT'S opponents rear up and babble strange things about the aspirations of the President, the following picturesque sidelight shines across the country from the democratic prairies of northern Illinois:

—ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

"TO THE EDITOR OF COLLIER'S:

"Sir—While riding from Beloit to Rockford to-day on the Interurban trolley, I overheard a conversation which seemed to me significant enough to demand your consideration. Two men sat behind me—one a young German, a recent arrival, apparently, and seeing the country for the first time; the other a native American—apparently a prosperous shopkeeper, or the holder of a clerical position of some responsibility in one of the many factories hereabout. They talked of the harvest and the country's prospects, the American pointing out the rich cornfields as they passed, and finally the talk turned to the German's native land. The American seemed to be puzzled about the relation between the Kaiser and the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, etc. 'Anyhow,' he said finally, 'if Emperor WILLIAM told any of those little kings to do anything they would have to do it, wouldn't they?' The young German's ignorance of English gave him some difficulty in understanding the question, but his reply evidently convinced the American that such was the case. 'Well,' said he, 'that's right. That's the best kind of government to have. I think a kingdom is a good deal better than a republic anyway.' The young German was apparently as surprised at this startling statement as I was and smiled an incredulous reply. 'Sure,' repeated the American emphatically. 'Sure, I do. It's a good deal better to have a king if you can have a good one. You know where you're at; things aren't changing all the time, and things get done without the grafters getting all the money. If we could have a man like ROOSEVELT, I'd rather have a king all the time.'

"What do you think, Mr. Editor, of such a statement as this? Are we Americans hypocrites in our democracy, as we are in so many other things? Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR BAYLE."

Not hypocrites probably, only a little irritated under the disillusionment of the present era. Our correspondent's narrative could be matched on many trolleys, but the mood expressed is evanescent and not representative, usually, of the speaker. Democracy is alive

in this country. Liberty has given no anemic signs. Discouragement and complaint are part of human character under any system; but there are force and courage in the United States to make our system of government work even better than it does; which, by the way, is better, when the good of all men is considered, than any system in any other large country on the globe.

No Alarm

THE IMPORTANT AND NECESSARY work of enforcing statutes and bringing wealthy law-breakers to justice is difficult at best. It is becoming more difficult just now because of a money stringency and business reaction, due to world-wide, fundamental causes, but attributed, after the Wall Street habit, to the President's thundering, and used to discredit the activities of the law. If there were any truth in this characteristically immediate explanation, it might encourage discussion of the relative desirability of a hectic prosperity, like the Standard Oil's thousand per cent profits, or plain living within the law. A good example of the strategy adopted to discredit the Administration's law-enforcement is the suit against the Tobacco Trust, which is commonly described as a proposal, on the part of the Government, to manage combinations by means of receivers, and has been denounced, in every superlative within the Bourbon vocabulary, as an economic and legal monstrosity which, if successful, will make havoc of Anglo Saxon law. As a matter of fact, every capable lawyer who has looked carefully into the Government's bill of equity against the Tobacco Trust knows that it is a perfectly reasonable and altogether admirable document. A careful perusal reveals no proposition for the Government to manage combinations by means of receivers. There are several separate clauses in that part of the petition in equity which is called the prayer. Among them is one that asks for dissolution of certain alleged illegal combinations. In it a suggestion is made that "if the court should be of the opinion that the public interests will be better subserved, that receivers be appointed to take possession of all the property, assets, business, and affairs of said defendants and wind up the same, and otherwise take such course in regard thereto as will bring about conditions in trade and commerce in harmony with law." In other words—let the court make the dissolution effective by any legal process within its power. Nothing here contemplates that the Government shall manage trusts in general or go into the tobacco business in particular. The alarmists, with their little typhoon, have yet to show that the Government had proposed anything beyond enforcement of law.

Not Really?

THOMAS ALVA EDISON has had praise that is worth having, and considerable celebration that is not. His later experiments, says the "Buyers' Index," "have raised him from a plane where he was to all appearances simply a tramp telegraph operator, to one where his son and his daughter are entertained by society in Newport, Rhode Island, the most exclusive summer resort in the United States." Newport has a beautiful situation on a lovely coast, but is not our trade contemporary allowing its own social seriousness to run amuck?

Threatened Europe

AN AMERICAN TRAVELER, lately returned from Abyssinia, says that from Casablanca to Natal there is not a brown man nor black but has heard the rumor, distorted and strangely adorned, that somewhere beyond the horizon, in a long and bloody war, a small brown man has whipped and routed a big white one, and similar reports about Asiatic and African feeling are being made on every hand. In primitive huts they chatter and question their tradition that a white man never dies. Where neither the telegraph nor the newspaper reaches, on some strange wing of rumor, the story of the Japanese-Russian War has penetrated; and lone outposts of white men, who depend for their supremacy on the tradition of superiority, feel in the air about them, and in the manner of the natives, the lessening of submission. Among blacks

and browns less ignorant than the Central Africans there is stirring restlessness. "India for the Indians," is a frank protest against England's dominance in her Asiatic empire. Some foresee a rising which will slaughter or expel every white man in Africa. The Hindus of Chandernagar are using the boycott against their French rulers, and minor manifestations of brown discontent are more noticeable than when alarm at "the yellow peril" was first felt. Is the complacent tradition of white dominance a thing of which the proof, on analysis, becomes merely the fact that it has always been so? The last Moorish stronghold in Europe fell to the Spaniards in 1492; less than a century later, DON JOHN of Austria, in the battle of Lepanto, established the naval supremacy of Caucasians on the Mediterranean. In 1683, JOHN SOBIESKI saved the white race from a very genuine fright of Mohammedan domination over all Europe, by driving the Turks back from the walls of Vienna. Long complacency has made the Caucasian assume a divine right to dominate the world. Not for centuries, until Mukden and Port Arthur, did a pagan, non-Caucasian people decisively overcome one that was Christian and white, and deprive it of dominion in territory where it had been long established. Now we begin to ask such questions every day as this: Between a hundred of the Japs who arrived on the *Kumeric* and a hundred Americans picked by chance in any American town, in any competition of arms or of industry which calls for brains, which would triumph?

A Word From Druggists

A WARNING TO PHYSICIANS is sent out by the National Association of Retail Druggists, against prescribing patent cures the ingredients of which they do not know. The better physicians have always refused to give blind prescriptions of that sort. To give patients concoctions of unknown ingredients is not only immoral but in the highest degree unprofessional.

Oklahoma Acts

WITH A BLIND ORATOR and a Cherokee Indian to represent Oklahoma in the Senate, she is sure of attracting interest. Her five Representatives in the House give her an equal voice with Connecticut and West Virginia. Prohibition was adopted along with a constitution that is voluminous in its promises, to ensure individual freedom and full of traps for offending corporations. Our concern lest the Indian population, in a hopeless minority, be stripped of their land without a fair chance to learn its use or value, has aroused hot comment. One man quotes from an "Elegy to a Dissected Puppy," refers to us as "hands of an alien race" opening up Oklahoma's young breast, and adds the couplet:

"With prying eyes thou peer'st within,
To explore the contents of her chest."

We are variously assured that we have overstated the case against the land-hungry grafters. Into some of these questions we shall not enter at the present moment, merely observing that the adoption of prohibition to save the Indians from the saloon is Oklahoma's assurance that the State means to recognize the redman's interest. The new State enters upon her career with everybody's good wishes, and we particularly hope that success may attend the effort to reduce the drink evil in a place where its effects, if unchecked, are, through special circumstances, particularly disastrous.

The Exciting West

SAN FRANCISCO is enormously interesting. Writers who discuss it usually fail to take into account the singular industrial condition of rural California, which is, as Mr. IRWIN's series will make clear, almost as much a feudal State as though barons ruled. Of course, a lasting problem is raised by the presence of the Japanese—fifty thousand adventurous boys, puffed with pride, blinded with a vision of advancement in a new country, and in their own way working out that vision to fulfillment. Their way is sometimes ridiculous enough. They have a talent for biting off too much. In two blocks of San Francisco there are seventeen wildcat banks. Does the reader remember perhaps the "gas-pipe" murder? Well, when they opened that bank they found just \$12 in the vaults! With such episodes go marked successes. FRANK SHIMA, for example, arrived with his worldly property in a handkerchief. Now he leases a string of the rich bottom farms of the San Joaquin and Sacramento. This year he cornered the northern California potato crop—profits to the combine estimated by the newspapers at \$1,000,000; profits to SHIMA estimated by the newspapers at \$250,000, and by the Japs at \$100,000. California will be one of the prize States to watch for many years to come.

The Speculative Tiller

KANSAS FARMERS are marking up the price of their land \$10 an acre this year in spite of a rather short crop. A farm broker out in the section where cottontail rabbits used to find it

hard to nibble a living is offering quarter-sections at from \$10,000 to \$14,000. So usual is it to sell farm land at \$100 an acre that the tale of cheap farms in the trans-Mississippi West is fading to a tradition. The Kansas farmer, however, does not always even argue that the land he holds at \$100 an acre will yield a fair return on the investment, in addition to the money required to keep the farm going. He merely points to the increasing number of farm buyers who are coming out of the more Eastern States, and says that the demand is so great that his price will be paid. Using a logic like that of Wall Street, the trader in farms says "they are worth what they'll bring." Of course, the railroads help along this spirit. Their "homeseekers' excursions," intended often to people the less desirable lands along their lines, carry many homeseekers who have their thousands to invest in farms already developed. These drop off in Missouri, or Kansas, or Oklahoma, and set the land agents to thinking of the good old days back in the eighties when Wichita was to rival Chicago, and every little town had its "mammoth rolling mills." The West is very prosperous; actual values are high; but speculative values are sometimes too high. Go West, all right; only it is always well to decide upon your purchase after study and in an hour of calm. The speculative and excited spirit seldom encourages real prosperity, and often is the omen of reaction.

The Difference

"IF YOU SEE IT in COLLIER'S," says a Fairbanks organ, the Indianapolis "Star," "you never know whether it will be retracted or not." In reading certain newspapers, on the other hand, you can have the satisfaction of knowing that no error is ever corrected or acknowledged.

How Consumption is "Inherited"

AN INTERESTING FEATURE of the admirable work of the Associated Tuberculosis Dispensaries in New York is the study that they are making of the families of consumptives. We have heard much about the inheritance of tuberculosis, often in the form of jeremiads about the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children. But this organization has addressed itself to the problem of just how this "visiting" is done and of putting a stop to it. When the patient presents himself at the dispensary, he is first thoroughly examined medically, and his exact condition and probable prospects for cure determined. Then a specially trained worker investigates his social and financial condition to see whether he can spare the time to be sent to one of the allied open-air camps, or sanatoria. If he be the only wage-earner and means can not be secured from some of the charitable organizations to support his family during his absence, he is visited in his home, practical demonstrations are given him of just how to ventilate to the best possible advantage his room or rooms, regular rations of milk and eggs are supplied to him, and then the visiting nurse turns her attention to the condition of the family. If any of the children appear to be out of health, they are promptly brought up for inspection. A consumptive mother will be brought into the dispensary, and when her little flock of three, five or seven children is rounded up for examination, one, three, or even as high as four of them will be found to be suffering from an early stage of some form of tuberculous infection. They are promptly scattered as far as the inadequate facilities will allow, in the different children's homes and open-air hospitals, and those who can not be sent out of the city are put under treatment at home. Usually at this age and this stage of the disease the prospects for a cure are excellent. The infection, of course, has been direct from the sputum of the mother or father in the crowded, ill-ventilated quarters in which they are compelled to live. Not only will hundreds of lives be saved by this method, but also a great number of cripples and deformities prevented. Tuberculosis attacks not merely the lung in children, but also the spine, the hip-joint, the ankle, the intestines, the brain. In fact, merely to say "spinal disease" or "hip-joint disease," without further qualification, means tuberculosis of these regions; and fully half the deaths from convulsions, from chronic bowel trouble, and from "marasmus," in children between one and seven years of age, are due to the same fecund cause.

Church and Bird

THE PROGRESS OF THE ITALIAN railroad laborer may be trailed by the feathers of his victims. To the newly arrived Sicilian or Neapolitan all winged creatures are divided into two genuses; the edible and the inedible; class A, the bluebird and the hen; class B, the ostrich and the mosquito. Nor has he any appreciation of game laws. Hale him to court to answer for his gun-practice and his fine Italian mind will sorrowfully conclude that he is being mulcted for having made a mistake and destroyed somebody's Private Bird. He will depart, poorer, but no wiser, to fill with shot the next innocent aerial navigator that passes within

range. To the Onondaga County (New York) Society for the Protection of Game is due the solution of the problem which he presents. Through the organization's efforts, many offending but well-meaning foreigners were arrested, fined, and even imprisoned, without marked effect. Then the society appealed to the Italian priests. "Of course!" said the priests, "why didn't you tell us before?" A few weeks later they sent word to the society: "Jail any of our people that you can catch. They know better now." Few were caught and those few sternly punished. The slaughter is over, and the local prospect of the tanager and the ouzel going to join the dodo and the great auk in the realms of the extinct is notably lessened and an admirable example set.

The Answer

WHEN THE STREET-CAR STRIKE in San Francisco was at its climax a private citizen who holds a commanding position just now was approached by a committee of capitalists. "See here," they said in effect, "we must bring these fellows to their knees. This thing has gone far enough. You've pull enough to get troops in here. Let's shoot up this town until they'll be glad to take a dollar a day!" The private citizen with the pull smiled on them. "Passing over the effect on this community of dollar wages," he said, "let's go into the main proposition. What you want is to make the streets run red with the blood of militiamen at two dollars a day, regulars at fifteen dollars a month, and strikers. You want to hire men to do your shooting, while you go to your estates at San Mateo or Mill Valley and read about it in the papers. SMITH, your father bucked a team across the desert in '49. I believe he did his own shooting in those days. JONES, your father was in the Vigilance Committee. Seems to me he did his shooting first hand. Now, I'll suggest that you gentlemen, if you see the necessity for shooting, get your guns and do it yourselves. It would read better in the papers." The ferocious step was never taken.

"Smokeless Sin"

TO PROFESSOR ROSS of the University of Wisconsin is to be credited this excellent descriptive term, "Smokeless Sin." So much wrongdoing of the day is chargeable to men who deliver their blows silently, without passion, and at a great distance of space and time, that the roar and smell of the old black-powder days of sinning seem past. Between the clean-handed sinner at the top of a great corporation, for example, planning coolly to beat the rules, and the man who at the last suffers because of that violation, there is a long row of intermediaries who take up the shock of protest. A beautiful illustration of Professor Ross's theory has lately been vouchsafed New York, where the letter-book of the president of the American Ice Company has by legal process been opened to the public. This genial man, past middle age and fond of golf, wrote many letters calmly describing to his associates the extinction of competition by his company, explaining the company's strategic advantage over the Maine and Hudson River dealers with ice for sale when there was fear of famine in the summer of 1906. It is a collection of letters as suavely conscienceless as was ORCHARD's confession. The difference is that ORCHARD revealed "the hag-visage of old-time sins," and the blunderbusses and gongs of battle which we have inherited are sufficient to punish him. In presence of, iniquities of the new, smokeless variety, Professor Ross thinks we stand confused.

As Others See Us

IF THE GERMAN COMEDIAN who wears a feather pillow under his waistcoat and takes liberties with the President's English is popular in American burlesque, in Paris they have the American

comedian who supplies the public taste in almost as broad grotesque. He is as like Chicago as WEBER or FIELDS is like Hamburg; and the more legitimate French comedy has taken a chance at the traveling Yankee likewise. The young man who thinks he is seeing Paris at Maxim's says: "I am a large woman" when he means to say: "I have a great hunger." In a comedy at the Odéon, a New Englander who visits Paris for the purpose of seeing the town happens to visit a well-ordered French family, where he proceeds to behave in the manner most widely described as "fresh" with the daughter of the household. When the young lady turns upon him with amused inquiry, the American exclaims: "Pardon me, mademoiselle—I thought you were like all French women." "Why do you have such a low opinion of French women?" inquires the young lady. "A Frenchman told me about them," replies the youth. "Was he a Frenchman in good society?" she asks. "Oh, yes, I am sure of that," says the American; "I met him in front of the Grand Café." Thus is every nation seen on the stage of every other.

The Dead Hand

COMPARED WITH the average author, the electric eel is unresponsive. Lined up with the French man of letters, the usual author becomes phlegmatic. A reckless Deputy, M. AJAM, by a simple little proposal, has loosed in Paris the facile pens of all those serious writers who talk about *le génie français* and live for their brief paragraph in "Larousse." M. AJAM—"Is he apothecary, notary, or shoemaker?"—would impose a tax of ten per cent upon the works of dead authors, French and foreign, issued after the expiration of copyright. Pending the fall of the heavens, M. AJAM's proposal is being circulated for endorsement among the writers of France. They are invited to observe how the libraries are filled to bursting with the works of dead men. It is demonstrated that the competition of VICTOR HUGO is hurting

the novelists of the "Petit Journal" school. Translations of NIETZSCHE are bought, but the philosophies of the young man now laboring with his conscience on the left bank of the Seine are neglected. So the little war rages, and meanwhile in America, year after year, the literary world exhorts Congress to amend the copyright law, not to avoid competition with dead authors, but merely to meet the ordinary sense of justice in protecting private property. It is one of those things, which, like the tariff against art, apparently lies almost beyond the regions of patient reason.

His First Offense

AFTER READING newspapers and periodicals for a quarter of a century, Mr. F. C. WHEELER, a carpenter of Los Angeles, California, decided recently for the first time in his life to break into print. He selects from the many sins of this publication one which to him seems glaring and most heinous. "In your issue of August 24, the article, 'The Irrepressible Tariff,' paragraph two, line five, you say, 'is restive under the delay.' A careful reading of the article leads one to believe you mean 'restless' instead of 'restive.' My dictionary defines 'restive' as being at rest, not wishing to go ahead, while restless means 'continually moving.' I have noticed this word frequently in your paper and generally in the opposite sense from what is really meant. . . . Some of your rules of grammar are shocking to my nervous system. Hire a boy to write your editorials." We often take a frivolous interest in productions such as this, and are glad to give Mr. WHEELER's conceptions to the eager world. In return we ask only the name of his dictionary and the place where it can be bought. In so far as it gives preference to the older and more reasonable usage it is excellent. In so far as it omits the modern, and in the United States overwhelmingly general, usage, it is incomplete.

An October Evening

By EDITH WYATT

CICADA notes repeating light, the field-winds full and mellow,
And chording crickets keep to-night, my still-roofed country town.
Her sprinkled turf breathes sweet to-night; the even lamps bloom yellow
Along the leafy street to-night, broad-shadowed, fresh and brown.

A STEP comes down the highway, a step goes down the byway
From Thursday night toward Friday, down my dark-roofed country town,
Walks free toward far to-morrows, unguessed success and sorrows,
Along the gabled street to-night, all velvet-ridged and brown.

BLOW, lowland wind; blow, highland wind; rise, marsh-wind, rich and mellow;
Rise, prairie fragrance, cool to-night, from starlit snale and down.
Cicada chords and crickets keep still time. Burn, lamps; burn yellow:
I think my country's soul to-night walks through my country town.



Store windows smashed



Damage to a bank



The wreck of Fongoun's

A Mob's Work

LATE on Saturday night, September 7, and continuing into the early morning of Sunday, a mob of young toughs and sympathizers with the agitators for Asiatic exclusion sifted through the Chinese and Japanese quarters of Vancouver, B. C. As a result scarcely a pane of glass was left whole in either of these districts. The affair was the direct result of a meeting called for Saturday evening at the City Hall by the anti-Asiatic leaders. Thirty thousand people crowded the streets near the meeting-place. Only a fraction of these could get inside the City Hall. The restless overflow was provoked into an attack on the windows of Chinatown by a reckless boy who threw a brick through the window of a Chinese store on Carroll Street nearby. The first brick was followed by another, and then another. Before the mob decided that it was really not the Chinese they hated, and turned their attention to Japtown, the outer shells of the Chinese stores and residences were battered and riddled, and the Chinese themselves were hiding.

Turning toward Westminster Avenue and Powell Street, where many of the Japanese boarding-houses and stores were located, the gang, constantly growing in numbers, attacked the quarter savagely. Instead of seeking their burrows like the rabbit-natured Chinese, however, the Japanese stood up to the defense of their shops. The police were called out, but were entirely inadequate to control the mob. Window-smashing went merrily on. The crash of falling glass, the roar of the



Bricks for the Japs' windows



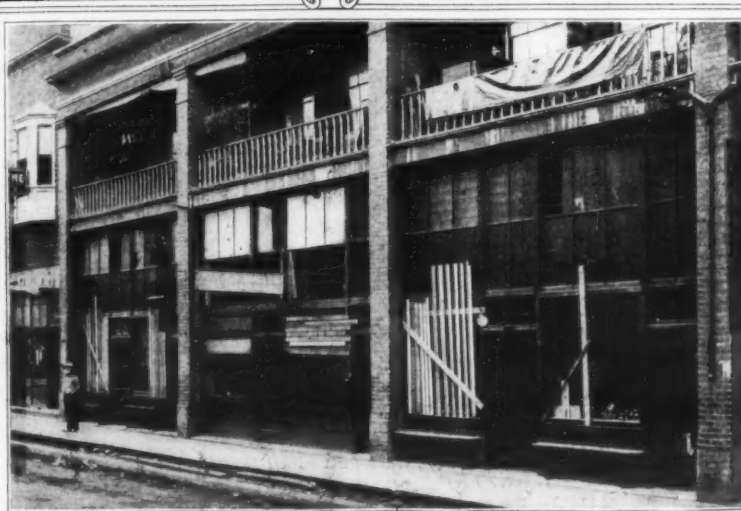
What happened on Powell Street



In the Chinese quarter after the riot

in Vancouver

attacking mob, the fierce, high-pitched cries of the defending Japanese, entirely drowned out the voices of the anti-Asiatic leaders, who tried to control the rioters. With broken bottles, sticks, iron bars, knives, and a few revolvers, the Japanese met the assaults of the hoodlums. The mob was unarmed except for the bricks and the broken bottles which the Japanese had hurled at them. It was after midnight before the worst of the trouble subsided. In a surprisingly short time the Japanese established a protective service, which effectually kept the whites out of their quarter. A reporter for a Vancouver paper, walking on Powell Street early on Sunday morning, was attacked fiercely by the Japanese patrol. While the majority of the mob were busy raiding the Japanese quarter, a smaller contingent went down to the dock where the steamship "Charmer," just from Japan, was docked. The report that a dozen or more Japanese on the steamer had been thrown overboard was circulated through the city. Later, however, it was learned that no actual violence was offered at this point. A. E. Fowler, the chief trouble-maker among the anti-Asiatics of the Northwest, was frightened at the violence of the outbreak, and at one time during the night climbed out on the guy-wire of a telephone pole, in order to make his frantic appeals for order heard. Incidentally, the political side of the agitation was illustrated. An effigy of Lieutenant-Governor Dunsmuir, who, in the minds of the people of Vancouver, has seconded Ottawa's determination not to yield to the Japanese exclusion agitators, was dragged through the streets and burned early in the evening before the City Hall



The rioters were unusually strenuous in Shanghai Alley

The Anti-Asiatic Riot at Vancouver



With its two decks and elephant-howdah wheelhouse above, the river steamboat is of an unchanging type. To put "her nose ag'in the bank" is an often-recurring necessity; it is apparently one of the easiest of the modern river pilot's duties.

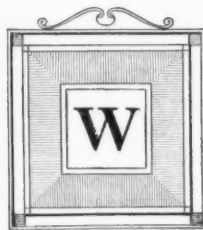


At frequent intervals the landing stage, a thirty-foot reinforced wooden platform, carried balanced on the boat's nose, and canine in its keenness of scent for river towns, is let down on the mud and the negro roustabouts wake up to action.

The President Sees the Mississippi

Learning at First Hand of the Dwindling Traffic of Our Inland Waterways

By FREDERICK PALMER



WHEN Cairo is more of a railroad than a river centre the decay of inland navigation need not be further emphasized. Here the toe of Illinois is ground by the confluence of the mighty rivers that merge the rainfalls of western New York and of Montana. Here the clear waters of the Ohio try to throw some light into the Mississippi's which have

been darkened by the Missouri's flood. The Missouri wins with her solution of farming land. Give her time and she will carry a large section of the Rocky Mountains and the Great Northwest to the Gulf. Navigable twenty-five hundred miles from her mouth—"counting the bends" as the steamboat men say—few paddiewheels beat her current than the Yukon of Alaska, the Amur of Siberia, or the Amazon of the tropics. Though the President and the Governors are not going to pay her a call she will not fail to force herself on their attention.

When I made the trip from St. Louis to Memphis last summer we had word of a three-hundred-acre farm—with the wheat just shocked, too—which the Missouri was taking from Kansas down to the delta without waiting on a deed of transfer. Every day she was carrying by enough timber, not to mention occasional houses and barns, to cook the dinners of many States, and she was not much muddier than usual, because "she can't be," as the old steamboat men say.

Playing with farms and wood lots and such little perquisites we may allow, but on changing her course completely—it is even said that she might not be above finding a new outlet if left to herself—we must draw the line.

Plowing her way through one of the most fertile sections of our country, she knows no more navigation than in the moundbuilders' time with the exception of Government snagboats and one steamer, put on between Kansas City and St. Louis by the merchants of these cities, which it is fondly hoped may mark the turning point in waterway communication.

Her great sisters have little to boast of in comparison. The Ohio floats more tonnage than the Mississippi because she connects the coal-fields of Pennsylvania with down-stream points.

Freight traffic means "through bulk," and "local way," coal barges from Pittsburgh, and small merchandise. The steamboat is the stage-coach of the water highway—the stage-coach connecting with the railroad centre, with all manner of things on the inside and tied behind, and a child's go-cart or a washing machine on top.

On the start from St. Louis we had farm wagons, bacon, barbed wire, flour, boots and shoes, chewing gum, candy, crackers, wheat bags, tin pails, bar iron—everything man is likely to need—and we could not have carried much of any one thing and carried such a variety.

The freight clerk of the steamer is a stricken child of fate, checking off the stock of a country store every day. If he sent the wagon tongue to Mr. Smith's plantation

(when Mr. Smith wanted a case of dried beef), and the wheels to Mr. Jones's plantation (when Mr. Jones wanted a harrow), and the wagon belonged to Mr. Robinson, you can understand the difficulty of making the corrections, and how the freight clerk thinks at times that there is already enough traffic on our inland waterways.

"It isn't steamboating, any more," said an old timer, "it's pushing a baby carriage and driving a pedler's wagon."

That is a touching reference to passenger business, which includes short rides and picnic excursions for the day from St. Louis. Most of those on our boat thought they would "try the river trip," or took it for sake of the cool breezes in the hot weather, and some it carried nearer their plantations than any rail connection. But you must not be in a hurry. Leaving St. Louis at 5 p. m. on Friday, you reach Memphis, for example, on Sunday at midnight. An express package could go to New Orleans and back in this time. By taking a train at St. Louis Saturday, Memphis would be reached six hours earlier. And this is running down stream when the water is high.

The river steamer is of unchanging type, with its two decks and the pilot deck above. Freight crowds up the stairs to the upper deck, where there are two rows of cabins with dining tables between. Forward is the landing stage, swung at such an angle that the steamboat seems to be balancing it on her nose. This is a long, reinforced wooden platform, thirty feet in length and six or eight feet broad, hung from a davit with the weight outward so that it drops into place as soon as the pulley rope is released. It is quay, pierhead, and gangway, canine in its scent for villages and plantations, and perfectly at home on any shifting bank.

Levees there are at the cities; otherwise, a town which was on the river front a few years ago might now be a mile inland. The only way to be sure of a permanent residence by the shore is to live on a boat, as some of the river population still do, paying no rent or land taxes and buying flour and bacon with odd jobs or from the sale of drifting timber, and sometimes from the profit of petty thievery. If wanted in Kentucky they have only to cross over to Arkansas.

It is this absence of farmhouses and villages which makes most of the journey between St. Louis and Memphis seem one through an unpopulated country. Before you is the sweep of the river, and on either side is the foliage of the bank, where trees fertilized to rapid growth by real estate from up country form a green horizon wall.

There is no sign of life except that aboard the steamer. No sound breaks the silence except the long-drawn puffs of the engine, which takes extra deep breaths when the landing stage is dropped. This is the signal for the roustabout negroes to slouch with rolling gait into action from the lower world where woolly heads have found a comfortable pillow on a bag of flour or maybe a bundle of hoes.

Their overlord is the mate. He is no gentle, worried soul like the freight clerk, but a man of action and

strong language. White men speak of him as a good "nigger driver"; the negroes call him "Boss." Though he calls them lazy, he will have no other kind of help. Italians and Greeks have been tried in vain. It is the negro who has the instinct. He is an own blood cousin of the "ole Mississippi."

"It don't seem natural not to see niggers loafin' around the lower deck," said a mate, with the Southerner's affection for the black, "and I couldn't cuss natural without 'em. Besides, they can do twice the amount of work of any other man I've ever tried."

While the mate hustles off the kegs of nails or the new buggy or whatever is ticketed to Smith's or Jones's landing, the Captain is putting in a word or two—not of Henry Jamesian complexity—from the upper deck. Navigator, business agent, hotel-keeper, friend of the passengers, and all kinds of a man is he.

And quoth the pilot—nothing. That nabob dwells in the silence and majesty of the elephant howdah of the wheelhouse, without "Ay, sir," or persiflage of any kind. No chart rests before him; that he carries in his mind. The changing channel his quick eye discerns.

His calling has not lost its pride of corps; but the searchlight has robbed piloting of some of the legerdemain effects of other days.

Picking out Marse Jones's plantation in the dark is simplified. The engines heave and stop, we swing round side on to the current and under the sweep of the pilot's "new eye" we catch a glimpse of a single passenger, who has broken through the tree line. Your instinct is to call out:

"Did you map any new country? Where is the rest of your exploring party? How does it feel to be rescued by the first boat up the Yukon this season?"

Possibly, however, he is not a passenger. He may only want to come aboard to get a bottle of beer. Does the mate, who is gifted in fitting phrases to the character of each individual roustabout, cuss now, as you expect him to? Not at all.

Until you saw how easy it is for that pilot to put "her nose ag'in the bank" you thought that the idea of stopping this big hotel on such a request was an outrage. When you heard that the man had ridden five miles in Arkansas mud to get the bottle of beer, it did not seem right to charge him anything for it.

Probably no one ever took the Mississippi trip without looking for Huck Finn. After the first few stages I gave it up—there being dozens of Huck Finns who came running down to the landing places—for want of ability to identify him and Tom Sawyer from the gang. Also I saw Huck Finn's "pap." He came aboard, laid two twenty-five cent pieces on the counter and went away hastily with a small, ruby-colored bottle in either hip pocket.

When we landed at any one of the shore towns—possibly thanks to high ground for a site—or near any centre of population, the number of men who looked in any direction but the bar, yet went straight to it when they came aboard, was noteworthy. Yes, we had a bar, and, besides, one small poker game was going intermittently and apologetically, and we had one drunken man, who wore a yachting cap and a smile of universal

friendliness; which was as near as we came to the old-fashioned, high-boot, long-black-cigar, gun-carrying, red-liquor, gambling, fighting days of "thirty and forty boats on the St. Louis levee at once."

If the great river ever sees busy days again—we passed only two steamboats on the way to Memphis—the gun-carrying part will, of course, not return. That is past forever. Many of the counties on the banks are already prohibition, which accounts for the popularity of our bar among the minority beaten in local-option elections.

Why Northerners do not oftener make this a holiday trip is difficult of understanding, unless for want of information—and possibly on account of the food. This is one normal condition which the President will miss. There is enough. Considering the low cost of passage, we could not in justice complain of the quality. Dark minions aft apparently cook it all in one pot, and then dark minions slide down their sleeves, to the music of the clatter of china, a series of small dishes, which range themselves in a semicircle around your plate. A dip into each small dish reveals the same confusion of taste.

Would you ask which is which? That is an unimportant point when sable pride could throw them down so "beautiful," making them chink and hop without spilling any of the contents either. No, sah!

The food is forgotten as you sit in the bow in the cool breeze when you know that Memphis is steaming hot—and before you, under the moonlight, the mighty swath of water breaks with a bend into the dark woods twinkling with fireflies. It has a quality which a trip on the Great Lakes, with shores distant, unfamiliar, and difficult to make out, must lack.

Here, the land is intimate while you sail. The force of the steady flowing current is fascinating. It unifies the country, carrying a passenger past the color line where the negro is an equal in public places to where he is not, without any of the perceptibility of cleavage noticeable on railroad trains.

Most of the steamboat men with whom I talked were optimists, their hearts set on a 14-foot channel from the Gulf to Memphis. The one whom I am about to quote is a cynic. To him the "ole Mississipp" is no heroine. She is a son of a gun, as he remarked, without regard to confusion of sexes.

"If we had levees all the way from Fort Benton to St. Paul," he said, "and could keep her from breaking through and we had reservoirs as big as Lake Erie up at the headwaters to impound the floods for the dry season, I reckon we'd give the railroads a jolt. It would be pretty costly, but no steamboat man ought to kick on paying his share of the taxes."

"The trouble with the Mississippi is that she is too big and has too much flat country in which to change her own channel to be worth the harness. Now you take a nice, ladylike little river like your Hudson and it's different. Folks of the last generation used to know what the Mississippi was. This generation is re-discovering her and thinking of the inland waterways of Europe and creating a Mississippi out of its imagination." Which is a point of view, as one hastens to repeat.

Significant to the traveler of the power that killed river traffic was the sudden webbing of the skyline, in the midst of the seeming wilderness, by the spans of a gigantic railroad bridge, the cost of which must have been more than the wealth of all

the villages in sight during the voyage. Here was a solid, unchangeable way, unaffected by high water, low water, or the Missouri's moods.

The history of the rail and river traffic through our great middle valley is the history of the competition of water and rail transportation everywhere, of broken fortunes, of small capital's hopeful and often extravagant efforts against the mighty capital and ruthless and economical organization of great corporations.

The steamboat man has seen business in underbidding the railroad, which cut freight rates to a figure where he could not compete, kept them down until he was beaten, and then restored them to the old standard. What crumbs the railroads find not worth while waterway transportation gets on the Mississippi. The development of the country has given them more business in many sections than they can accommodate. This alone requires that river traffic under present conditions must more or less revive and brings us to the great question of Government aid.

The record of our river and harbor appropriations has been too largely one of the barter of the votes of locality with locality. Goose Creek has had its share of the money to spend in the district, though it would never be navigated by anything but rowboats and launches; while the railroads spend money for improvements only when traffic warrants it.

If we are to improve our inland waterways it seems essential that we should proceed scientifically with the whole structure in mind, as the builder does when he lays his foundation. This is the idea of the new commission. Its report of investigation will undoubtedly open a field for thorough public discussion.



The steamer's landing is an event in the river communities—a break in the monotony of life for the natives, a glimpse of small-community interests for the passenger



The traffic of the Mississippi and the Ohio is largely made up of commodities like lumber and coal that do not require to be rushed from manufacturer to user

The Medium Game

Behind the Scenes with Spiritualism

IV. "Physical Manifestation," and the Trade in Apparatus

Being the last of the series of studies of the priests of deception

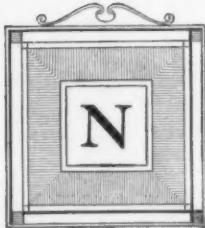
By WILL IRWIN



Borrow a business card and hold it up, so, to show that there is no trick. Then hand it back—and behold a spirit message written on the back



The explanation—a flesh-colored catch, tipped with a bit of lead, on the thumb-nail. "Neat and effective," said Le Roy, dealer in apparatus



NOTHING is so dull and bootless as the attempt to describe on paper a mechanical operation. What boy ever learned to build a boat from the alluring articles on boat-building in the juvenile periodicals? Who ever mastered from book instruction the arts of swimming or fencing? So when I come to describe the methods by which mediums get "independent writing" on slates, read sealed letters, produce raps, tilt tables, and bring out "spirit" lights on the ceiling I shall stick to broad lines. There is no room, indeed, for a thorough exposition. Carrington, in "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism," gives 150 pages to these tricks. Let us hurry through, then; for these fraudulent methods lead us to a more interesting thing—the trade in tricks and apparatus.

Table-tipping is now out of favor; raps thrill no more; "planchette" has become a parlor toy. In "physical demonstration" the prevailing fashion is "independent slate-writing." To those who never visited mediums I must explain the externals of this specialty. The operator sits at a table, littered, usually, with slates of many shapes and sizes. He throws off the regular clairvoyant patter, designed to confuse the sitter and to lull observation. When the control announces that conditions are favorable, he breaks off a bit of slate pencil and puts it on a single slate or between double slates. He and the sitter, together, hold the slate or slates under the table. This part of the performance is absolutely necessary to a successful demonstration. The human eye, as every materializing medium knows, disturbs magnetism. Spirits can not work while mortals are looking at them. By and by the me-

dium becomes violently agitated. A sound of scratching is heard. Up come the slates—and on the surface, which went below the table washed and blank, is an appropriate spirit message.

At first "independent slate-writing" was primitive. The medium selected a slate and handed it over for inspection. Somewhere about his person he would have a duplicate slate prepared with a message. It needed only a moment of distraction—and the substitution was made. I have already remarked the liability of loving, hoping humanity to the emotions in which the medium deals, and the blindness which follows such emotion. And since these early slate-writers worked only with believing spiritualists, this method needed no special improvement.

The Revolution Caused by the Silicate Flap

THEN came the investigators; and invention was hard put to keep ahead of exposure. Slade and others added a decoration here and a trick there, until the profession attained to its present skill.

The first improvement, which is still described by Slade's name, was the "thimble trick." No better method was known until a medium, chancing upon a piece of black silicate paper, noticed that it had the properties of slate. This was the falling apple of slate-writing; right there was born the useful, necessary silicate flap. Silicate paper looks like slate, feels like slate, receives pencil marks like slate, washes like slate; but it is paper, light, flexible, and easily destroyed. Mediums cut these flaps to fit the slate frames just over the real slate. The sitter examines the false surface and washes it himself, unaware that he is washing only paper, and that underneath, on the true surface, is his spirit message. In some instant of detracted attention

the medium slips out that flap. It takes but a second; the "sitter," unless he be a trained observer, declares afterward that the slate never left his hand. Of course the discarded silicate paper must be concealed. Commonly, the medium covers the reverse side with newspaper. He drops it, then, reverse side up, among the papers which litter his floor. It would take sharp eyes to see it there. Women mediums conceal the flaps under their skirts, men in their coat pockets—it is only a detail.

This silicate-flap method works best when the messages are prepared in advance of the sitting; there is scant provision for things which may come up during a seance. However, a little ingenuity may overcome that method. For example, a clever operator will give "spirit raps" on the table with his left hand while writing on a slate, concealed under the table, with his right. He covers this message with a silicate flap, finds a way to distract attention while he gets the prepared slate back to the pile on the table, and proceeds as before.

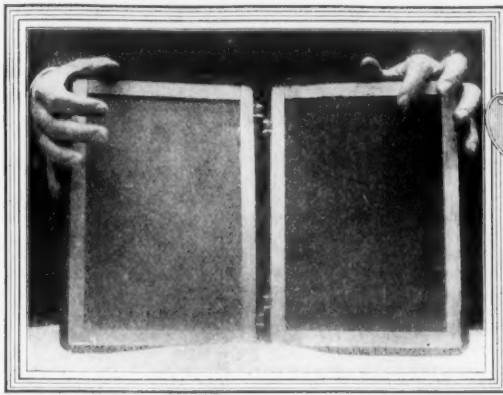
First-class craftsmen know forty or fifty variations on the "silicate-flap trick." In one especially convincing "test" the medium lets the sitter write his own signature on one corner of the slate. Bright Eyes comes and controls the sitting. Presto! A message from spirit land right above the signature. In this case, one corner of the flap is missing. The edge at this place is carefully beveled off, and to make assurance doubly sure the medium, in presenting this slate for the signature, covers the beveled edge with his fingers.

The silicate flap, however, is not the only modern device. The medium who understands his business will forestall detection by learning them all, so that he need never work twice in the same way. For example, he will sit for business in a chair of invisibility which

has two narrow shelves just under the seat. On one shelf he keeps a slate of his standard size and pattern, prepared with a spirit message. He shows a perfectly blank slate. As he faces the sitter across the table, ready to begin, he drops his right hand, holding the inspected slate, to "hitch up" his chair. His hand is lost to sight only a second, but in that second the blank slate goes into the shelves and the prepared slate comes out, written side down. (Chair and trick, ten dollars, from Ralph Sylvestre.)

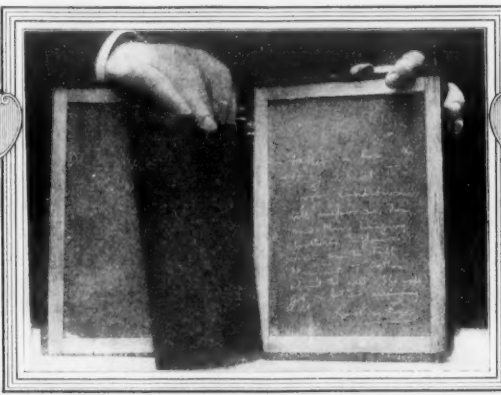
by giving one or two sitters his hands to hold. The illustrations show one of those "breaks" by which he gets one hand loose without detection. A simple piece of apparatus, sold for two dollars by Ralph Sylvestre, is an improvement on these methods. In his right palm the medium holds a piece of soft, heavy tea-lead, shaped like the tongue of a shoe. As he clasps the forearm of his right-hand neighbor he bends on it this piece of lead. After the lights have gone out, and while he is letting off "spirit" patter to deaden obser-

shimmers by the ceiling, floats about, dips suddenly toward the medium, and goes out. Perhaps, before the lights went out, the medium called attention to a guitar standing in the corner. If so, this instrument floats in the air above the circle, bumping heads and playing a tune in a peculiarly soft, tinkling tone-quality. The believers call attention to this tone; it is characteristic of spirit music. The back of the guitar opens like a trap-door. Within is a little music-box, so adjusted that the bumping of the guitar will set it off. The me-

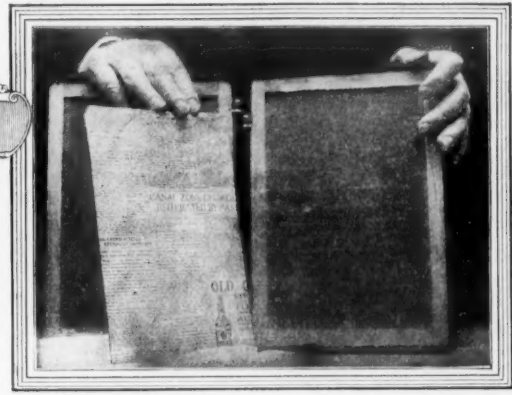


THE SILICATE-FLAP METHOD, NOW IN

Looks like a pair of double slates, but the slate under the operator's left hand is covered with silicate paper, which looks and feels like slate, and takes a pencil like slate



When the flap is removed the medium shows the sitter the appropriate message written in a scrawly spirit hand on the surface of the real slate under the flap



LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN THE TRADE

Most mediums cover the reverse of this flap with newspaper. Dropped, covered side up, among the papers which litter the floor, it is effectually lost to sight

Chemicals are a great help. In the most popular chemical method the medium writes his message with a camel's-hair brush dipped into a solution of zinc and hydrochloric acid. When it dries, the writing is invisible. The sitter, to prove that there is no fraud, washes the slate himself. Did he think to taste the water presented for this washing, he might find himself plunged into deep thought; for it is heavily impregnated with salt. When the slate dries from this washing, the writing comes out, plain and white. Several other chemical combinations will produce the same effect.

Double slates, bolted together in advance by an independent investigator, are so easy that the Diakkas laugh. The sitter usually puts in the bolts at the corners. The medium keeps up his sleeve a wooden wedge and a piece of wire, tipped with a bit of soft slate pencil. He crowds in the wedge at the middle of the frame, making a little opening between the slates, inserts the wire, and writes. The message looks rather scratchy; but that fact is cited for a proof that spirits did it.

Finally, a really expert slate-writer working in his own house may convince the most skeptical by producing writing within double slates fastened and sealed with any device that imagination suggests. You may bolt them in twenty places, tie them round and round with cord, seal the cord with wax bearing your own monogram—it is all the same to his controls.

"Independent Slate-Writing" with Trimmings

JUST under his table is a concealed trap-door. Under that door is his assistant, surrounded by a whole notion store—many slates of many sizes, sealing wax of all colors, a whole kit of carpenter's and burglar's tools, assorted monogram stamps, screws and bolts by the gross, string and cord of every pattern. The medium takes the prepared slates and passes them under the table to his sitter. That is, the sitter thinks that he does. In reality, the confederate has reached up through the trap-door, taken the sealed slates unto himself, and substituted a dummy pair which feel just the same under the table. Long, long the medium and sitter wait for manifestations. The assistant in the basement is very busy. If he finds no way to open those slates, write the message, and restore them to their pristine appearance, he discards them altogether and manufactures a duplicate from his stock, writing a message before he seals them. A tap on the medium's ankle shows that all is ready. "I feel the control coming," says the demonstrator of immortality, rolling his eyes. "Yes, Bright Eyes, dear!" The assistant down below rubs two slate pencils together, making a scratching sound. The medium brings the slates up from under the table. In the moment of their passage, the assistant has made his substitution and gone down the trap. The sitter examines them. They are all right—bolts, cords, and seals intact. He opens them. Both inside surfaces are covered with spirit writing—messages from "Bright Eyes" or his own dead. This elaborate method is not common. The run of sitters are entirely too easy to warrant it.

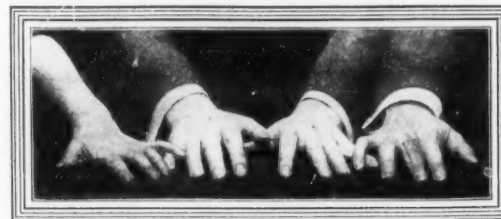
These are only the best devices among hundreds, but let them suffice for slate-writing.

Every one remembers how the bad boy in school used to confuse the teacher by moistening his finger and rubbing it loosely and rapidly across his desk, producing a series of sharp taps. He was an undeveloped medium; for that is the principle of "spirit raps." Sometimes the medium does it with his shoe on the table leg, sometimes with his finger under the table. Again, he will hold a pencil on the table, the better to get magnetism, and, calling attention to the fact that the pencil point does not move, produce the raps by rubbing with his thumb. If the table is rickety, or if he rest the pencil on a hollow surface, these raps are loud and convincing.

"Circle effects," or manifestations produced while the victims sit in the dark—are many and interesting. In such séances, the medium proves that there is no fraud

vation, he gradually withdraws this hand. The sitter still feels on his forearm both pressure and weight; but it is nothing more than the tea-lead.

Up the medium's right trouser leg—or, if it is a woman medium, under her skirt—rests the true magician's wand. It is a telescopic rod, about a foot long



"A DOUBLE BREAK"

The medium (in the centre) puts his hands on the table, thumbs locked. The sitters to right and left lock little fingers with him. The lights go out as a first step



"That pesky mosquito again"—the medium asks for use of his right hand momentarily to reach his handkerchief—anything to release the right hand for a second. Meanwhile the spiritualistic patter is kept up



When, after a few seconds of groping in the dark, the sitter to our medium's right locks fingers with him again, the situation is as shown above. This appears awkward, but in practise it is one of the best "breaks" known

when folded, but extending, at one jerk of the wrist, to five feet or more. When he has got his hand loose and taken out this rod he is ready for business. Shall spirit lights appear on the ceiling? He draws from his pocket a set of little black cards, decorated in phosphorescent paint with such designs as crosses, stars, hearts, or Masonic emblems. Affixing one of these to the hook which tips his rod, he shoots it out. The spirit light

medium has only to hook his reaching-rod into the handle of the guitar—and you have it. Spirits do return.

Pats from cold, dead hands (stuffed gloves just out of the ice chest), floating trumpets which speak spirit messages (through an invisible black tube which runs into the next room), spirit faces (masks shining with Devoc luminous paint)—all these depend upon the useful little reaching-rod. This is one of the tricks, heretofore mentioned, which come down in direct line from the ancient Egyptian priesthood. Without doubt the magician's wand known to fairy lore was nothing else.

How Sealed Messages are Read

STRICTLY speaking, the art of reading messages in sealed envelopes belongs to "psychical demonstration." But since it involves the methods of the conjurer, it is akin to "physical manifestation." The illustrations show the "slit-envelope" trick, much favored just now for private séances. Many mediums with a good practise use no other method. However, the old, steady control of the sealed-letter reader is alcohol—pure ninety per cent grain spirits—which makes paper transparent, evaporates in five or ten minutes, and leaves no trace in stain or odor. You write your message on your own paper and seal it in your own envelope. The medium, sitting across the table, has a sponge wet with alcohol in a little concealed box. Waiting his chance, he wets the envelope with alcohol; it becomes like waxed paper. Before giving the "reading" he lays the envelope aside for ten minutes or so to gather his magnetism—and to lose that of the alcohol. Mediums who use this method find that cheap perfume, liberally applied to their handkerchiefs and persons, greatly augments the strength of their magnetism. Carbon copying paper, inserted in the pad whereon the sitters write, was tried and found rather unsatisfactory. Its color makes it easy of detection. Finally, Newton or Harvey or some other great scientist controlled a Boston medium and suggested paraffin paper, which looks just like the rest of the pad and takes a great impression.

Sealed-letter reading from the platform is now in vogue. It involves a church, a regular congregation, and some machinery, but it gives great results in money and reputation. The "Rev. Dr." Wiggins of Boston is an eminent practitioner in this specialty. Every Sunday evening he mounts the pulpit and reads, with spirit replies, the contents of eight or ten sealed letters from among the hundreds which his congregation has sent up by the ushers. The "Rev." May Scannell Pepper Vanderbilt of Brooklyn prospered by this method. If any branch of spirit work is a "cinch," it is this one. The ushers are coming and going from congregation to pulpit all the time. No one knows whether his letter really reaches the platform on the first trip. The medium stays in the vestry room until services are well under way. He has every opportunity to take certain letters, held out by the ushers, read them by the alcohol method or by other means known to the craft, and send them back. In a large congregation, gathered from a big city, there is every opening for the effective use of confederates, and mediums of this class know a variety of methods.

I do not say, mind, that Wiggins and Mrs. May Scannell Pepper Vanderbilt are frauds. I but tell what I have seen. Once, when Mrs. Pepper had been under a hot fire from the newspapers, she invited Dr. Isaac K. Funk, independent investigator of spirit phenomena, to share her pulpit and watch her work. By his cheerful endorsements, honest Dr. Funk has rendered the profession valuable assistance. When he hits town, all the clairvoyants, slate-writers, circle confederates, and spooks promise the baby a new drum and go singing about their work. At this particular "platform test" Mrs. Pepper suffered herself to be blindfolded, and instructed Dr. Funk to select letters at random from the pile. Dr. Funk believed that he followed instructions. Nervous from the action of her controls, Mrs. Pepper would grab up a dozen letters, spread them out

fan-shaped before him, and cry: "Hurry up! Take one!" And he took the one she wanted him to take.

In short, she forced every letter upon him just as a conjurer forces a card. This forcing is the A B C of magic.

After Mrs. Pepper had shown most marvelous results with four or five letters selected in this way, Dr. Funk grew suddenly independent. He reached across the pulpit to take one for himself. Quick as thought, Mrs. Pepper made an awkward movement and tipped over the pulpit. It rained ushers. When they had gathered up the letters, restored the pulpit, and apologized to Dr. Funk, the demonstration went on as before. Dr. Funk said afterward that Mrs. Pepper's performance was inexplicable by any known law of mind or matter.

Speaking of May Pepper Scannell Vanderbilt, I have this story from a former disciple. She was at a card party, enjoying a season of social ease and rest from her controls. Some one spoke of a good man, lately deceased, whom Mrs. Pepper had known in Providence. At the recollection of his virtues she heaved a sigh.

"Ah, yes," she said, "if there is a future life, I know that he'll be happy in it."

The traffic in supplies and apparatus, once carried on loosely between medium and medium, has drifted into the hands of regular firms. Captain W. D. Le Roy of 103 Court Street, Boston, openly a dealer in supplies for conjurers, makes a profitable side line of tricks and apparatus for mediums. Martinka of 493 Sixth Avenue, New York, widely known among theatrical people, operates in the same way, although he does less business with mediums than Le Roy. A cheap department store in San Francisco, the same establishment which kept the Western gamblers in their marked cards and "phony" faro boxes, used to supply the Pacific Coast with spirit apparatus. Now one Clark, who lives in Seattle, has most of that trade. A man and a woman, whose names I have never learned, travel from city to city teaching and peddling tricks. "Prof." Philip H. Meyers of 32 Sherman Street, Chicago, did a rushing business until the Chicago "Examiner" exposed him. He still sells tricks and apparatus when he can get a customer, although his sign proclaims that he is in the wax-figure business.

The biggest firm is that of Ralph Sylvestre & Co., which fills mail orders from a farm near Syracuse, Indiana. The Sylvestre catalogue circulates from Maine to California, and strays over into England and France. Sylvestre, the inventive brain of his establishment, has a partner to attend to the business details. He employs one expert mechanic all the year round, and adds one or two extra men in seasons of heavy orders. He used to deal in stage-conjuring tricks as well; but he abandoned this branch to sell exclusively to mediums, who pay the heavy tolls of contraband goods. He lists in his catalogue forty slate-writing tricks, ten or a dozen methods of reading folded ballots or sealed envelopes, cabinets, luminous ghosts and forms "with faces that convince," spirit locks, bolts and chains, rope-releasing tricks, rapping tricks—the full line. Prices vary. A plain slate-writing trick with a silicate flap costs one dollar; for the "spirit-rapping hand," an elaborate effect, one must pay one hundred and fifty dollars. "It takes my best mechanic three weeks to make it," says Sylvestre, "and there are only three in use in this country."

The Varied Stock of Captain Le Roy

I CALLED last May on Captain Le Roy. His shop—he calls it "The School of Magic"—is a kind of store-room, piled high with dusty boxes and letter-files. Three-sheet posters on the wall recall the time when Le Roy himself was an active "demonstrator of leger-demain." A cabinet by the door holds a museum of magic, including autograph photographs of Herrmann, Keller, and Houdini. "Spirit work" and conjuring blend each with the other like the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Keller, for example, got his start in life as cabinet assistant and "spook" for the famous Davenport Brothers.

Captain Le Roy came forward—a small, dapper, neat-stepping man with bright eyes set very far apart and small waxed mustaches. He has a kind of circus air about him—he might be own brother to Pete Barlow, peerless elephant tamer of the New York Hippodrome. "I want to get a tight-folding spirit robe, Captain," I said.

"Stage or cabinet work?" said he.

"Oh, cabinet work—spirits," I answered. He looked me over carefully.

"It ain't for a platform exposé?" he said. That adjective "platform" kept me in the George Washington class when I replied: "Oh, no!"

"Well," said Le Roy, "you must excuse my asking. These exposures kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Now, what kind of a robe might you be wanting? Ours are very neat and effective. We've got a special way of sewing the head so that they slip on and off in a jiffy and don't get tangled in a lady's hair. The regular thing?"

"I want one of the tight-folding kind," I said. "One that can be kept in a watch-case."

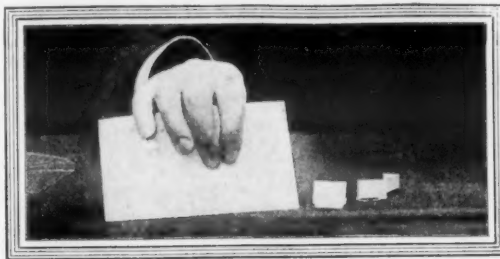
"Now, you take it from me," said Le Roy, tapping me on the chest, "there's nothing in that. It's ten years since I had a call for one of those tight-folding robes. Why go to all that trouble? The regular dopes will rise up and call you great if you shake a sheet at 'em, and if the newspapers are after you they'll get you anyway. Your play is the plain robe." I yielded to superior experience and ordered a plain robe. Captain Le Roy had none in stock. Mrs. Le Roy made them to order, he said; and the family was just starting for New York to attend the Banquet of the American Society of Magicians. Could I pay a deposit of five dollars and get the goods in a week, C. O. D.?

That suited me.

"Anything else?" asked Le Roy. "I've got a few new things. Have you a spirit card-writing trick? What would you think if I borrowed one of your

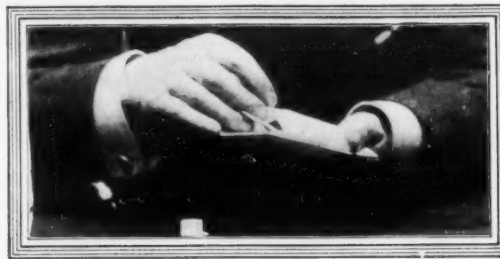
cards, held it up for you to see that it was blank, and handed it back with a spirit message on the back?" I asked the price. Seeing that I was a new customer, I could have it for a dollar and a half.

"You don't want to pinch on new tricks," he said

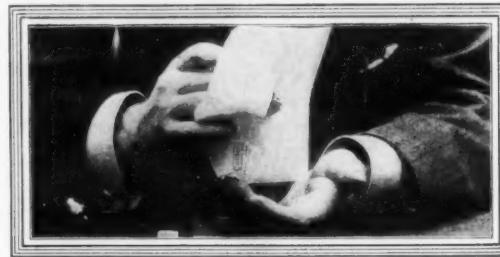


A CLAIRVOYANT SEALED-ENVELOPE DEMONSTRATION

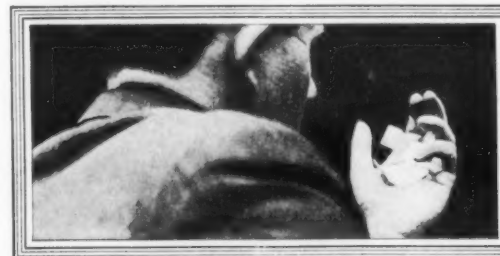
This trick is now very popular. The medium shows an envelope. It looks all right; but in the back of it, and just under his fingers as he shows it, there is a little, invisible slit. The "sitters" write their questions on small slips of paper, which they fold into tight "ballots"



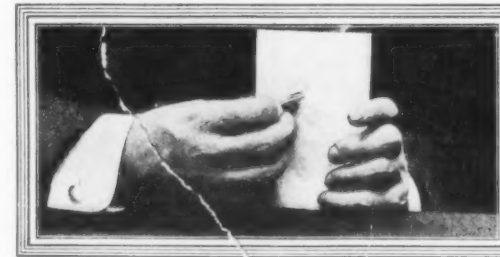
"To give you double assurance against fraud, I will put them in this envelope." The trick lies right there. Hold the sitter's attention with professional talk and movements of the hands as deft as you can make while you apparently tuck the ballots into the envelope. Apparently—



But this is what happens—the ballots go through that slit into the medium's left palm. He seals the envelope and puts it aside temporarily "to gather magnetism"



Ten minutes of patter, clairvoyant messages, and spirit rapping, while the operator opens and reads the palmed ballots. "Don't let your eyes drop," said Le Roy in selling this trick for \$1.50. "They always follow your eyes. Always make your sitters look the other way"



At the moment of blind astonishment when you give the contents of those ballots, slip them back through the slit. Hold the envelope, not as shown here for illustration, but horizontally, and they'll never see it. Finally, the envelope is opened and the ballots are shown folded. "Have a waste-basket handy," said Le Roy, "and tear the envelope up as soon as you get a chance"

as I hesitated. "Knowledge is power, and the more you know the more you can do."

Captain Le Roy proceeded to offer the "spirit-rapping pencil" for a dollar. He bought the secret from the great Cordingly, "and it is just like any other trick; you never know when you'll need it, and when you do it will bring your dollar back first shot." By way

of making conversation, I asked him where Cordingly might be. "Now, see here, young man," he said with a shade of suspicion, "I don't know, and I wouldn't tell if I did. How would you like me to tell anybody where you are?"

I was persuaded to buy for a dollar and a half the slit-envelope method of reading folded ballots. He coached me carefully for a half an hour in all its refinements and subtleties, warning me especially to read the ballots, open in my palm, without ever seeming to glance down under the table. "They always follow your eyes. There's nothing to conjuring but making 'em look the other way." To illustrate, he did a lot of thirty-third degree palming.

Then he sprang the best thing in his pack. Said he: "If you want something new and original, I have the goods. What do you think of spirit messages, right out of the air, written in green and purple and bronze, and the streaks just fading into each other? It is something great. I bought the stuff from a man who might have done anything in the profession if he hadn't been a drunk. He's dead now, and the secret died with him. When my stock is gone, there won't be any more left. Last week I played confederate for a medium who does this trick. We had twelve people in the circle at five dollars a head, and they ate 'em alive. They took those spirit ink messages home and framed 'em!" The price was only five dollars, "and you'll get your money back ten times over the first time you use it," said Le Roy. It was irresistible. He brought out a vial containing some kind of sticky sizing and three little boxes of purple, gold and bronze powder. He wrote out a message with a new pen dipped in the sizing, let it dry, breathed upon it, dusted it with bands of the gold, the purple, and the bronze, and blew away the surplus powder. The result was beautiful and weird. "Now, as for working it," said Le Roy, "You must do it under dark circle conditions and you need a confederate holding one of your hands or else a 'break.' Of course, you know how to break. I'd recommend you, though, to use a confederate until you get real nifty."

At that moment the postman came through the door. With one expert sweep, Le Roy scooped the apparatus into a drawer and stood looking the innocent and businesslike tradesman while he signed for a registered letter. When the door closed, he brought out boxes and vials again.

"Now, say you're going to have ten sitters. Before the séance, you take this stuff, write out ten messages, following any dope you have, and hide them under your vest. You borrow a gold watch to get the magnetism of the gold, put it on the table with ten sheets of paper just like the ones you've written on, form the circle, and let them hold your hands to insure against fraud—you know. Out go the lights. Make your break-away after a while—don't be in too big a hurry—the longer you keep them waiting the harder it looks and the more they think they're getting for their money. Then get rid of the ten sheets of paper on the table, pull your written sheets out from under your vest, and fire them right up in the air. When the lights come up, there is nothing on the table but the watch. The messages in that spirit ink are scattered all over the floor. It's great. I tell you, they frame 'em!"

"Prof." Meyers—His Recollections

"PROF." PHILIP H. MEYERS of Chicago is a guileful and yet ingenuous youth whose thick spectacles shine over a lean, pleasant face. I found him in his little store down beside the tracks, surrounded by wax figures in every stage of undress. His establishment was bright with many an ornament and gewgaw. Between the windows, in gold letters, shone the "To be honest, to be kind" passage from Stevenson.

When I told him that I wanted to buy some silicate flaps and a reaching-rod, he protested that he was out of the "spook" business. "I was exposed," he added, "and there's nothing in it for me now." But he was eager to gossip; it was plain that spirit apparatus is the vocation of his heart. He said that my forehead was mediumistic; he knew me for a psychic the minute I came into the room. Learning that I came of late from New York, he wanted to know how I found the spook business throughout the country. "Some think that Christian Science has taken a crimp in it," he said, "but I don't think that'll last. Spiritualism gives them something for the money." He thought that spiritualism had a lot to learn from Theosophy.

The inwardness of his game began to dawn on me. "Say, iron out your face and drop that talk with me," I said suddenly. Roman augur looked into the eyes of Roman augur, and he laughed. "Well, you can't be too careful," he said. Forthwith, out came the tricks. First he showed some effective "spirit light" cards for use at the end of a reaching-rod. The hearts, crosses, and stars of luminous paint are covered with black paper flaps. A flip of the reaching rod covers or uncovers them, making their appearance and disappearance instantaneous. For three dollars he sold me a wax hand which may be fastened on a black cloth to impersonate your right hand while that is employed in spirit business elsewhere.

After I had declined to pay twenty-five dollars for a black-envelope clairvoyant card-reading trick, we fell to talking of the Bangs Sisters and their "spirit paintings," famous since Isaac K. Funk "bit" two years ago.

"You bring 'em photographs of your spirit friend," said Meyers, "and come back next day. They put a blank canvas in the window. The light shines right through it and there's nothing in sight. While you watch, the picture begins to grow on the canvas. If they've put a red necktie on your spirit friend and you'd rather have a blue, you only have to say so. The picture will fade right out and come on again, with a blue necktie this time. I don't mind telling you that I'm something of a chemist, and I'm dead



McKinley's first grave



The McKinley memorial

To McKinley



THE National Memorial to William McKinley was dedicated at Canton, Ohio, September 30. President Roosevelt made the principal address. Directly after McKinley's death in Buffalo, on September 14, 1901, the McKinley National Memorial Association was incorporated in Ohio. Judge William R. Day, a close friend of McKinley's, was made president, Myron T. Herrick treasurer, and twenty-one of the late President's intimates made up a board of trustees. The association established auxiliaries in every State and Territory, and in the Colonies. The collection of funds for the erection of a suitable memorial in Canton, McKinley's home, was prosecuted vigorously. In less than two years the task of selecting a site and designing a monument was turned over to a committee. For two years the plans were in preparation, and for the last two years the memorial has been building. It stands on Monument Hill, near Canton, which is itself elevated seventy-five feet above the surrounding country. The main structure is seventy-five feet in diameter and one hundred feet high from the floor to the top of the dome. It is very simple in design, built of pink granite and lined with marble. The cost of the memorial and its site has been \$600,000. It is expected that another \$100,000 will be raised as an endowment to care for the memorial. The statue of McKinley is by Charles Henry Niehaus, and has been modeled after a snapshot of McKinley taken on the day he was shot at Buffalo.

The Canton memorial is the last of a great number which have been erected in various parts of the country since McKinley's death.

Bronze Lunette over the entrance



Within a week after the Buffalo tragedy Toledo had raised \$15,000. This was used to erect a bronze figure of McKinley in front of the City Hall. Muskegon, Michigan, commissioned Mr. Niehaus to make a life-sized statue for that place; at Springfield, Massachusetts, a statue by Philip Martiny was erected; at Adams, Massachusetts, a figure in bronze by Lukeman; in McKinley Park, Chicago; in Philadelphia; in Buffalo; in Columbus, Ohio; in San Jose and San Francisco, California, other impressive monuments have been erected.

Since the death of McKinley, his body has lain in the cemetery in the old family vault, constantly guarded by soldiers. On Friday, September 13th, the remains were removed to the mausoleum in the memorial. The late President's body will lie beside that of his wife, who died on May 26 of this year.



Selecting a site for the monument

Left to right: Cornelius N. Bliss, Wm. A. Lynch, Henry C. Payne, Alexander H. Revell, Myron T. Herrick, Marcus A. Hanna, Wm. McCune, J. G. Milburn, William R. Day, Vice-President Fairbanks, Secretary Hartzell, and George B. Cortelyou



The statue of McKinley for the memorial, modeled by Charles Henry Niehaus

The McKinley Memorial at Canton, Ohio

onto that trick. When you get settled in your own place, send to me and I'll fix it for you."

"How much?" I asked.

"It would make a hundred dollars look small, and it would be worth the money. I'd give a hundred any day to get onto their slate-writing trick. It's the best ever, something new and original. That's the way to do high-class work—invent your own stuff and keep it to yourself." He had no reaching-rod in stock, but he promised to deliver one on Monday.

Just before I left, he asked:

"Say, were you ever exposed?" I answered truthfully that I never was.

"Well, I was," he said, sadly; "it was pretty rough on me, too. I got reckless. Somebody's always laying to do a medium dirt, but I never thought they'd get after a dealer. The Chicago 'Examiner' did it. I used to have this place all fitted up with spirit effects, and there wasn't such a high-class and original stock in the country. Talk about Sylvestre! It cost you ten dollars to get inside the door, money back on the order when you bought goods. They sent a woman reporter. She was a nice little thing. I trotted out everything I had, and talked to her as freely as I'm talking to you now. When I put out the lights and brought a luminous ghost from the cabinet, she screamed and tried to get out of the door. Well, I thought it was

funny; and I worried quite a bit about it. I figured that she might be a believer who wanted to convince herself that some mediums really did fake spirits. Lord, that wasn't a marker to what I got!

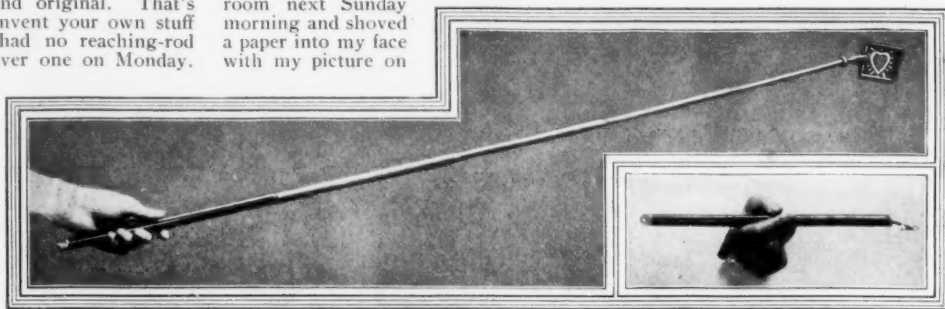
"My folks didn't know I was in the business. When they came into my room next Sunday morning and shoved a paper into my face with my picture on

town that morning, it seemed like everybody I saw was reading about me in the 'Examiner.' I thought that the kids were laughing at me on the streets. And the mediums! Gee, how I did get it! Every medium in town got the horse-laugh that Sunday night. One

psychic sealed-envelope reader told me that he hadn't mor'n got through the first prayer before they began to yell 'Meyers!' at him. A friend of mine was doing such a heavy materializing business that he had to bring in buckets from the kitchen for them to sit on. Just as soon as the first ghost came out, somebody called him 'Mr. Meyers.' Everybody snickered, and the control had to stop the materializations and make a speech from the cabinet. He said: 'Friends, there are persons who trade on grief with the help of that man Meyers, and they are a disgrace to mediumship, but I assure you that these manifestations are genuine.' That fixed them for the night, but it drove my friend out of the open. Since then he's shut the circle

to every one except his regular old dopes that have been coming for years and years.

"But say," he added pensively, "you don't know what a funny sensation it is to wake up and see your own words right in print that way!"



THE REACHING-ROD, SHOWN FOLDED AND EXTENDED

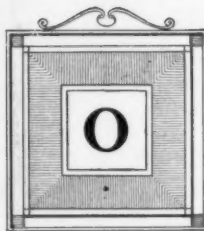
The tip has a clasp for use in handling small objects; the butt a ring, so that it may be tied to the calf of a male medium's leg. This is the true magician's wand, used by the Egyptian priests and the sorcerers of our fairy lore. The rod is telescopic, and a jerk like the cast of a fishing-rod sends it out. Observe the little heart at the tip. That is a "spirit light" effect of phosphorescent paint

the front page and three columns about me inside, I would have felt over it if I hadn't been in bed. They never got over it until somebody told them they ought to be proud to have a boy as smart as that. After a while they came to see it in that light. When I went down-

The Crittur

Explaining the Mysterious Exhibit in Tad Nute's Desert Museum

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD



On a ridge of Southern California coast, where the Pacific eternally whacks the beach and gnaws at the bottom of the sand cliffs, where the sun, grinning down on salt weeds and yellow gravel, beats the atmosphere into a trembling, and the summer wind whisks the loose grit from the backbone of the sand-hills and drops it into the stagnation of the inland marshes, there stands a low weather-beaten house which seems at the first glance to be four crude hovels leaning together in misery, like dilapidated packing boxes cast up by the sea. Back of this structure the railroad throws its perspective of track north and south; trains going down the coast shriek their coming to a town over a mile beyond, and passengers who happen to look up see a huge sign, displayed at the top of two wooden poles behind the house, bearing the words "Curios, Skins, and Museum." I do not deny the possibility that all this has gone within the year that has passed, and yet I think it probable that Tad Nute is still there, enjoying his new inheritance with all the avarice of his shriveled heart.

Had I not been a geologist I would never have found myself and my kit as a six-day guest within those unpainted walls. A necessity for observing certain local peculiarities brought me to that part of the country, and an unwillingness or inability of the people of the little village to give me even so much as a bed in an attic forced me to try Nute, who, I was informed, would do anything that was not brave for the sake of a few dollars.

"You ought to be comfortable there," said the keeper of the store, looking out at me with his blue eyes from under luxurious white eyebrows and leaning forward over the counter with his weight on his knuckles. "Tad Nute ought to be handy with meals—some say he was a steward in a hotel back East, years ago. He's been here a long while. But there ain't nobody knows a great deal except they're a curious outfit. There's an old lady out there—never says much, just smiles—good-natured. Some say she's foolish. But I like to have her smile at me, because it's kind of sad 'n sweet 'n honest. Brings me good luck, is what I say! But no one sees her much these days."

"Doesn't she help the old man?" I asked.

"Lord—no! She ain't let. He treats her just as if she was a queen, 'n yet it don't take half an eye to see how much he hates her. He cares a heap more for some crittur he keeps in another part of the house—it's a mountain lion some folks say, but nobody's never seen it. It's a funny three—Nute, the little old woman, and the mountain lion. They keep their business in their own hats, too. Why, I send no end of liquor out there every week, and I never found out yet which one of 'em drinks it."

This information, vague and not free from inconsistency, suggested the usual stories, current in any small

community, concerning a household which keeps its affairs to itself. I believed that if I were able to gain an admittance at Nute's door I would have the opportunity for uninterrupted work, and the company of two quaint and harmless characters. "I think I'll try it," I said. The shopkeeper nodded vehemently. "Go ahead," he replied, and added, as if half ashamed of his curiosity: "Just let me know what you see—and so on."

When I came to Nute's Museum, much hot sand which had pulled at my feet like glutinous mud during the walk to the house had sifted into my shoes with hot irritation; the ramshackle building stood without a bit of shade, tinted in the sunlight; a lone seabird, which had swung its flight toward the building, hovered above it for a second, and then with a sharp frightened scream winged swiftly seaward. The place was strangely repelling in spite of the fact that it was early afternoon, and the background of sky and ocean was cloudless and of the brightest blue. The dry wind baked my skin; I felt disquieted and apprehensive without a definite cause and hastened toward the door, with the hope that Nute himself would prove more pleasant than his mansion.

In this I was disappointed. A cold, bloodless voice invited us to enter, and I found myself in the centre of a little shop. Skins hung in the corner, three glass cases were filled with a debris of curios which, as one could see at a glance, included bits of pottery, mounted lizards, Indian silverware, strange weapons, and tiny Chinese idols; on the wall hung a variety of dust-laden baskets—the handiwork of the Mona tribe—together with strings of sabres, Malayan creeses, and other rusty arms, necklaces of shark's teeth, and stuffed disconsolate birds with rumpled feathers, hanging head downward. The windows were filled with a motley display of coins, sea-shells, and broken bird's eggs, behind glass panes so thick with dirt that no eye could see more than a shadow of the exhibit from the outside, and which admitted only a few feeble rays of the bright afternoon light, one of which, as if by malicious design, fell upon the puckered, selfish mouth of Tad Nute himself. He was sitting in a rocking-chair in the corner of the shop, chips of wood scattered about his feet, a surgeon's scalpel in one claw, a carved bit of boxwood in the other, and a suspicious grin creasing his dry-white skin, from the cluster of lifeless hair trailing down his left cheek to a livid red scar welched across the other temple. He must have been past middle life; he was stunted and scrawny. He wore no coat, but a frayed-out vest of silk flapped open loosely, exposing a very clean and well-starched white shirt from which the collar had been snipped away with a pair of scissors.

"Want to look at the stuff?" he whined, and his sentence ended with a drawing of one corner of his mouth that suggested the habitual snarl of an ill-tempered mongrel. I doubted then that he either wished or expected to sell me anything.

"I want bed and board for a few days," I answered. "I'm engaged in some scientific work here, and Chicago is my home—"

"That's nothing to me, sir," he interrupted. "I

don't want to know any more of your business than you of mine, eh?" He watched my face out of his rat eyes, and when I nodded to show my assent he said: "A good many years have gone since I heard of anybody looking for a room in these parts. I took a gent in once, and I guess"—he looked slowly about as if some one might be listening—"I'd do it again for the same rates—twelve bits a day."

"All right," I said, closing the bargain, and picked up my two valises to step forward. He sprang out of his chair, dropping both knife and carving to the floor, and with nervous fingers snapped a padlock on a door in the gloomy corner behind him.

"That isn't the way," he said, slipping by me. "We'll have to walk around to the other door." He preceded me into the glare of sun, and pointing back of him explained that the southern clapboarded addition to the shop was the exclusive domain of his sister, but that the one-story L at the north, which was little better externally than a cowshed, was his own. A few minutes later he had made up a bed for me in one of his two, low-ceilinged rooms, both of which were bare of all decoration, except for a few coarse lithographs advertising various brands of liquor.

"There you are, sir," he croaked. "You and I take our meals in the kitchen shed out behind. My sister is sickly and don't like strangers. She don't even care much for me, so I take her grub to her room. I have done it for ten years and more." He looked toward the southern wall as if his eyes penetrated the rough boards and could gaze into the privacy of the woman's quarters. I thought I saw a malignant squint of his eye, and the corner of his mouth was screwed up into the characteristic sneer that ended each of his sentences.

"Look here," said I, recalling the storekeeper's story, "without being curious at all I'd like to say that I've heard you keep a mountain lion. I don't want to walk into his part of the house if I can help it."

In an instant he became servile, bowing and scraping with grotesque politeness. "They're mistaken, sir," he replied, trying to grin and wiggling his crooked fingers at me. "It ain't a lion at all, sir. Just don't go hunting around, and you won't have any trouble at all, sir. No, sir." Approaching nearer he leaned toward me as if to impart a confidence. "It ain't a lion—it's Gila monsters, sir. Large lizards, sir. I raise 'em for exhibits and museums. But you'll do me a favor if you'll not speak of it to outsiders, sir. They're deadly poison, sir, and can spring a long way." He shot his hands toward me and clicked his teeth together as if to give me an idea of their vicious attack. "One has to know just how to handle 'em."

"I'm something of a naturalist myself," I answered. "I'd like to see your Gila lizards."

He looked up with a quick cunning scrutiny. "Very well, sir," he said, "the next day I feed 'em." His voice and manner suggested to me that he was not quite right in his mind, and when he left me I was glad that he had gone. I set about distributing my kit on a bare rickety table, the top of which looked as if it had been used by a taxidermist for cutting up and

skinning animals; later I observed that my cot as well as Tad Nute's in the next room were placed in the middle of the floor instead of occupying the usual position against the wall—a characteristic peculiarity, a hundred of which I afterward noticed, that gave the entire abode an abnormal, evil atmosphere.

For three days I was absorbed in my work on interesting traces of the old delta formed by the Colorado River when ages ago it discharged itself into the Pacific through a country now known as the Imperial Desert. My breakfasts and dinners, which I ate with Nute, though appetizing, were devoid of cheer. He had become taciturn, and I never saw his invalid sister; I was almost alone with the everlasting sand and sun, the sea and the hot wind.

I think it was on the fourth day that as I was coming near the house toward night, my observation was suddenly awakened, as if some unnamable voice had spoken in my ear; the realization came to me with great suddenness that the curio shop, the two wings running back, and the kitchen shed behind must leave a considerable space entirely enclosed; a sort of courtyard hidden by the buildings. This unroofed square, I reflected, must be the breeding ground for Tad's reptiles. No doubt I would have dismissed it from my mind had it not been for a strange noise which greeted my ears the moment I entered my room, and which proceeded from behind the rough boards of the wall. The sound was not unlike the scraping of a dull knife on an uneven surface or that which is made by some thick-skinned animal scratching its back against an unplanned plank; I dimly remembered hearing the noise before at about the same time of day, and wondered why I had not already reached the conclusion that no Gila monster grew large enough to produce such a sound.

I was not of a very curious disposition, and I reflected that Tad was welcome to keep any animal or secret he pleased so long as it did me no harm. The sound ceased as if the thing had heard my step on the creaking floor, and I was soon busy with my bottles of Colorado silt and my microscope.

It was at the gloomy breakfast the next morning that I was again brought suddenly face to face with the unseen presence of this creature confined in the space between the four hovels. I had planned to start away up the coast at an early hour, and had got up at the first light which I watched running along the eastern horizon like a tear in the cloth of the sky; a wet mist, which slid in across a vat of sea, as heavy, as flat, and as sullen as warm oil, had turned the gleaming sand to a soggy brown. As I came around one corner of the kitchen shed I caught an uncertain glimpse of a woman's figure disappearing at the other. This was the first time I had actually seen Tad's sister, though often as I had looked toward the quarters she occupied, I had fancied that I sensed a cleaner, sweeter atmosphere, and had felt the existence of her unseen personality. As I entered the kitchen, Tad, bending over his coffee, seemed more than ever a thing of villainess.

"Good morning, sir," said he, with his cringing smile. "The fog will soon burn off. We have the cussed sun, sir, forever." He shook his head on its pivot of shrunken neck. "A little gloom, sir, is appreciated. One learns to hate the fine weather, sir."

I did not answer. "I haven't toasted the bread," he went on. The damp gloom of dawn seemed to raise his spirits and excite his uncanny sociability. "For it's new bread I baked this morning—by candle-light." Here he laughed for the first and last time during our acquaintance. It choked him. "Yes, sir, the groceries came yesterday." This seemed to suggest some alarming subject to his mind; I could see him cast his eyes furtively about the room. Suddenly he scraped his chair back from the table, and seizing a piece of burlap from a corner, threw it over a wooden box standing in the shadow, and, lifting it into his arms, shuffled toward the storeroom, his slippers flapping against the floor as he moved. Once he looked back over his sloping shoulder. "Would you have a bit of marmalade, sir?" he asked, as if to conceal the purpose of his errand, and, at my nod, slid behind the curtain which covered the doorway.

Almost at the same instant I heard something stirring behind the wall of the kitchen. There was a single click like metal coming into contact with glass, and then a quick exhaling sound like the sigh of some large sleepy beast as it throws itself down on its side. Tad must have heard it, too, for he came out of the closet in absurd haste, rattling the porcelain cover of a jar of preserves in an obvious attempt to make as much distracting noise as possible. I suppressed a laugh with difficulty; I never knew that such an awful thing as a dry-rotted soul could be so ludicrous.

"There's your sun," said I, wishing to relieve him from the terror that was sitting on his features. I pointed to the flood of light which had crept over the rise of ground and now burst through the window on to the table and reflected from the surface of his coffee to a dancing spot of light that played among the rafters. "I must be off and leave you to finish your breakfast alone." I seized my hat, walked out, and started around the house toward the beach. When I stood on the edge of the cliff sniffing the salty aroma of the retreating tide, I looked back. Nute's bent figure was just slipping into the doorway of the curio shop. At that moment I made up my mind to get a good look at this beast of his which, as if by a monomania, he kept so closely guarded.

I returned at noon, with cracking lips, for my canteen of fresh water, forgotten in the morning. My oppor-

tunity seemed ripe and ready to pluck. The house was baking without a single complaining sound in the full glare of the midday sun; I could see Tad, as a mere black speck far down the gleaming beach, and knew that his miserly instinct had sent him forth to gather driftwood. A passionate wave of desire to look into the forbidden enclosure hastened my steps up the cliff and through the loose, dragging sand. As I now picture myself running to the rear of the structure it seems to me that I must have been a marionette of fate, dangling down to be dragged across a tiny stage of men's affairs.

Everything within the kitchen was dumb with that pall of silence which only comes in a winter midnight or on a summer's noon; the click-clack of a tin clock lying on its side upon a shelf, the squeak of the screen door, as I opened it, and the buzz of the expectant flies which had been resting near the composite odor of a place where cooking was done, were the only invasions of a perfect quiet. I walked softly across the floor to the other wall, searching with an alert eye for a peephole. In a moment more I had discovered that provision had been made for the disappointment of any curious eye; the boards of the wall had a backing of some sort of waterproof paper beyond which, as I found out by using my jackknife, were other boards set up vertically. This investigation brought me to the entrance of the storeroom, and, pushing the curtain back for the first time, I saw a narrow, solid door which evidently led to the enclosure. A heavy hand-forged staple and cumbersome old-fashioned padlock secured it, and a new packing box with a chosen brand of whisky marked on its side leaned against the bottom. My memory instantly recalled the other door at the rear of the curio shop, which old Tad had so hastily fastened at our first meeting, and retreating stealthily out into the glare, I made my way to the front of the house.

To find that Nute had been careless enough to leave this other entrance to his animal den unlocked had the curious effect of startling me. For several seconds I stood in the gloom, with the dusty array of relics and dead things about me, be-



With nervous fingers he snapped a padlock on the door

fore I overcame a causeless inclination to leave the shop precipitously and quit the house as soon as I could get my belongings together. At last with extreme caution I lifted the latch and gradually opened the door.

The uncovering of the roofless enclosure presented a picture which made the bath of sunlight, in which it sweltered, seem unclean. The entire surface of the ground had been tramped down into a barren, uneven floor apparently as hard as cement, but into this from one corner to the other a furrow a foot deep had been worn down by years of a back and forth tread such as a wild creature, recalling its freedom, will pursue from end to end of its cage. Bare walls of upright, sun-bleached boards were entirely covered by a repetition of a set of three initials carved in every conceivable form with a jackknife; along the base, with their usual suggestion of helplessness, lay several empty bottles. A low hut stood in one far corner, which one might have taken for a very large doghouse; in the other, under a ragged piece of canvas tacked to the kitchen roof and stretched outward by two poles, hung a seaman's hammock. The only living thing within the enclosure was a great human creature lying in it and asleep.

A cotton undershirt, which fitted his heavy fat trunk like a second skin, and a pair of blue serge trousers were his only attire. One arm dangled toward the ground as if borne down by the weight of the huge, thick-fingered, black-haired hand; his short neck was almost completely hidden by the bristling disorder of a coarse red-brown beard, and above his forehead of heroic proportions and covering his rotund skull was a vast area of closely clipped hair—an unequal distribution and such as to cause his jaws to seem of great weight and to give to his features a most ferocious expression. His skin was thick, mottled, and unhealthy, his cheeks loose, his breathing heavy; it did not take a skilled diagnosis to determine that he was a veteran dipsomaniac.

He moved a little as I looked and whispered gruffly: "Come here, Tad, you dogfish!" I remained motionless, prepared in every muscle to spring backward and fasten the door, and yet as he threw his bare feet over the edge of the hammock, bringing himself to a sitting posture, I remained in my position, possessed with curiosity to look into his eyes. He was rubbing the sleep out of them with his fists. At last, when they looked into mine, I saw they must once have been of great beauty. They were almost purple, and, as if set in the wrong face, they beamed with intelligence and kindness. I had thought myself in the presence of a crazy man; it was a fearful shock to realize that he was sane.

"Oh, it's you!" said he, as if he had expected me. "Seeing you've got that far, you might as well come all the way in." Without rising he held out his great hand. "Come in, mate!" he went on, his voice loosening into its full, powerful sway. "I'm harmless as a Frisco pilot." He laughed at my cautious approach. "I'm Bob Nute of the Oregon lumber ships."

I took his hand, which was hot and strong, and at the touch his set coarse features grew a brilliant red with some tremendous emotion. "God!" he said, and gulped. "You're the first man I've seen since August 10, '92, barring Brother Tad. We've played the game that slick!"

"I heard your knife on the wall," I said in clumsy explanation. "I knew Tad had lied about the lizards." He looked around at the gallery of letters carved in the wood.

"It's rummy looking," he admitted, "but it takes up the hell of time." Then as if some terrific thought had broken his neck, his big head fell forward and his beard spread out, fan-like on his cotton shirt. "Them's the letters of her name," he said.

"Whose?" I asked. "Whose name?"

Pointing to the blank wall of the woman's quarters he gagged as if he had been seized with a hemorrhage. "My wife," said he.

"She! Your wife!" I exclaimed. "She knows that you are here?"

"No. Only you and Brother Tad. For I'm Bob Nute of the lumber ships as was drowned in '86, and here a-tryin' to croak."

I shook my head to show I could not understand.

"Have a drink with me, captain?" said he moistening his dry lips with a furry tongue and holding out a black bottle. "There ain't any glasses—what use do I have for glasses? No? Excuse me, sir. Your health."

"Come alongside on to this box in the shade," he went on. "In bad weather I pull it up front of the door of my castle to keep the straw dry. The kennel is what Brother Tad calls the castle—but he's a sculpin, friend—bilge-water is cleaner than him. He's a half-brother two ways, and I'm glad he ain't any nearer related to me. For then I'd kill him as often as I'm tempted."

He put the bottle on his knee and inspected me from head to foot. "God!" he said. "I ain't seen a body for ten years. What I've got packed up in me ain't to be believed. It's aching to bust out, mate, like hot beer, corked down!" His lids narrowed keenly, drawing up the bags of skin under his eyes. "Are you married?" he asked. I nodded. "Then don't put her away from you!" he roared out, dropping the black bottle to the ground where it gurgled out its contents. "Don't put her by or you'll wrestle with your God! It'll mark you with the curse I wear!"

"She'll hear," I cautioned, and was startled by the shaking of my own voice.

"No—she's deaf," he answered. "She's deaf now. But when I married her she weren't deaf. She was pretty as a bit of tinted ivory, my boy, with big sorrowing eyes. And what a wife she made! The year we come around the Horn she gave me the last young one we ever had. They used to die something awful, before they'd got short clothes—their mother was that frail. But she took 'em with courage, and hoping one might live. You'd not have known me in them days—youth and straight and called 'Honest Bob Nute.' Things went my way. I made my pile in the coasting trade. You'd not believe it, mate, but there was a day I owned five schooners paying rich—eight hundred tons and more."

I shifted the box on which I sat to an even place on the ground.

"The yarn's nothing to you, friend?" he said. "But it comes out of me like sweat." He looked up appealingly.

"Go on," said I with an emphatic gesture which set the flies buzzing up about my face again.

"We'd lived along, simple enough," said he. "She used to ring true whenever we reached foggy weather, and I had to sound her—just like a good bell a-doing its duty. She went with me on voyages, and when we got to living on shore she'd be waiting for me to come home with my whistle at the door. She weren't much for taking up with other folks—seems as if she'd laid herself all out on me, and she liked to live quiet. But she weren't no weaklin'! No, sir! It was she that drove me in her quiet way, and made the best of me and steered me faithful!"

He jumped up and began pacing up and down the furrow he had worn in the ground. "It was when the money got thick, the trouble came," he went on. "I'd never had a chance to look up from my work or turn my eyes off her face. How was I to know I had hell inside? Them prosperous days began to show me what money could buy, and then I knew what I'd been missin'. I'd been well liked, but I'd made friends cautious. It was the money that brought all kinds in swarms and a-screechin' around me—the vultures! I'd always been used to simple outdoor people, but the new ones taught me out of the devil's book and dizzied me. They made me think I'd been a slave to my wife and her sickly body, and they showed me what else I could have with the money that was coming a-flyin' to my feet. And they showed me Clara Vail."

He turned on me, swinging his great diseased body forward, his face set hard with hate and pointed to a C. V. tattooed upon his wrist. "She was a wolf!" he bellowed. "The poison oozed out of her smooth pink skin and glistened on her black hair, and she led me away and ate my soul, like a piece of raw meat, between her little pointed fingers. I turned what I could into cash, lied black to the wife, and went away. There was a little street in Hongkong—"

I looked up quickly at the sudden break in his thundering rush of speech. He had caught the back of his neck in the palm of one hand, and was reeling and red, as if he was in the tightening clutch of apoplexy.

I jumped up, but he waved me back with a powerful sweep of his short chunky arm. "I put my wife by," he went on. "I put her away from me, and it set the curse on me!" He lifted both his hairy hands pointing toward the cloudless, unfathomed, infinite sky above us. "And They turned against me," he shouted.

His conception of a Deity seemed drawn from a thousand religions of a thousand peoples, evolving through ages of history; his faith was awful in its definiteness. "They turned against me," he cried, "and marked me cruel, with the curse. Everything my money touched began to turn to dust as slick as you ever see, and what I'd made in twenty years went up like a dish of water drying in the sun. We'd got to Calcutta then, and Clara Vail had eaten the last pickin's. She went off in a vessel along with an opium buyer—a pink cheeked sneak of a Britisher, and the way I got to livin' ain't decent to tell, shifting from India to Suez, and back again, and going worse and worse every month. I got a heathen sickness on a voyage to Manila, and a Jesuit priest nursed me half well again, but I've seen times since then when I hadn't clothes enough to hide the filth of my body and the sight of me would turn the stomach of a naked savage. The curse was on me, gnawing and gnawing, till after five years I weren't half alive in mind or body."

"It weren't till one night that I layed awake on the deck of a vessel and thought of her that I'd put away from me, and that she might be wanting for the decent comforts, that I came crawling out of rotten Asia, back to God's country, and I ain't fit to tell you how I felt when I seen Mount Tamalpais a-towerin' up behind the Bay of Frisco. I crept around the docks like a dirty ghost of old times, and thanking God the old eyes—what was left of 'em—didn't know me. But I found a lawyer feller who skinned the property I'd left for her and lied to her wicked bad, but I squeezed my money from him, and gave him half to shut his mouth. He'd lied to her wicked, but merciful, for it was him who had said I'd been washed overboard in a typhoon off Ceylon, and even got it in the paper. So she never knew I'd put her by." There was a triumph and gleam in his eyes.

"But this place?" I asked, for I found myself daring to interrupt him. He nodded at me as if to promise me an answer.

"It took me a year to find Brother Tad. He'd always been a snivlin' good-for-nothing—a kind of dead fish, and he was workin' as steward on a Mississippi side-wheeler. He fears me worse than judgment, and I sent him off to search her out, and that took a year more. He found her teachin' school for food and clothes, and sick, and waiting to die, to be with me! And when I hears that, I knew she weren't to never see me alive or know I'd ever gone from her of my own free will, and I got a promise from up yonder"—again he raised his arms toward the dome of sky and infinity—"that I'd croak first, so she'd find me all right and proper on the other side. I had their promise not to show me up!"

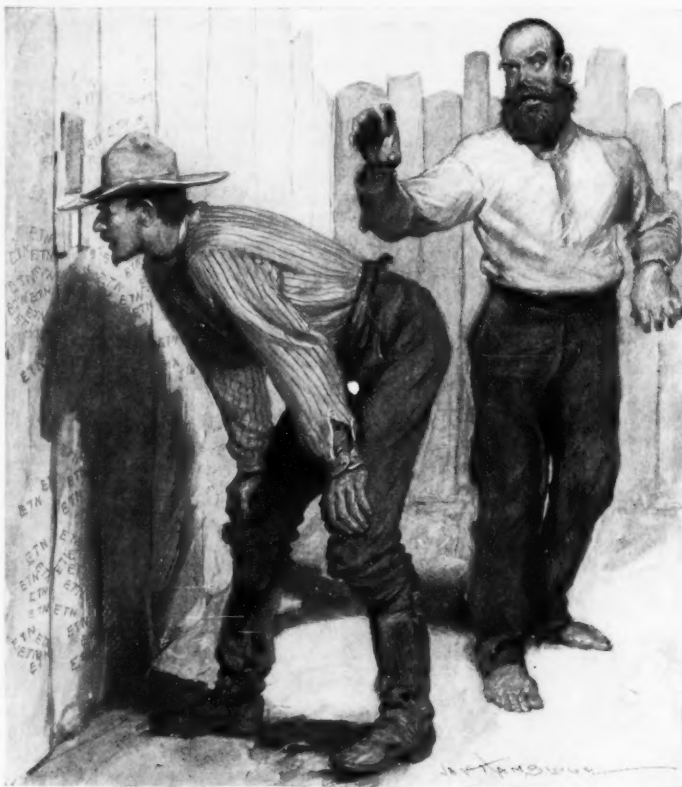
"And yet," said he, looking at the ground, "what was there for me? Why, friend, there weren't but one thing for me—to see her every day. That's all there was for me, and it looked at first as if it couldn't be steered. Then I thought of this." He indicated his four wooden walls, his hammock, his dog house, his tramped-down area of ground, with an undulating uncertain gesture of his fat hand, which shook with the strumming of the alcohol on his nerves. "Tad and I built the house with our own elbow grease, and he brought her here. I pay the bills—me, as was drowned in '86, and Tad hangs around waiting for what'll be left, like a man-eater fans along and skulks in a vessel's wake. Some day he'll own—"

Nute had suddenly stopped. I moved uneasily, and he motioned me to be quiet, as if he was hearing something above the sound of his own puffy breathing and the drowsy buzz of the flies. "Come here," said he at last. "Come with me." He led me to a corner at the

front of his enclosure, and, lifting a hinged board from a crack through which the sea breeze poured in a tiny refreshing torrent, he bade me look. There, on a wooden seat, beside the stone step of her door, sat a little frail old lady, her hands folded in her lap, looking far out across the Pacific.

The next moment his paw, heavily laid on my neck, whirled me back from the wall. "Take off your hat, you fool!" he roared. When I left the enclosure his great carcass was still bent forward; his hands upon his knees were still supporting its weight; his red beard was bristling out from his neck; he was still gazing through his peep-hole.

As I snapped the padlock a sudden premonition came to me that I was to play an important part in some vast change, some volcanic upheaval of human emotions, some closing of this particular volume of Bob Nute's life. Strangely present in my rather work-a-



Lifting a hinged board from a crack, he bade me look

day mind, which had never played me such a trick before this feeling followed me out through the curiosity shop into the sunlight and the sea wind, and told me that when I left the place the house would no longer possess the same personality now visible in every weather-splintered board, in every slope and crazy irregularity of the roof, in the low-set, stubborn grip of the entire structure on the face of the sands.

That evening I came back later than usual, completely tired from the length of my expedition and the weight of my specimens. I found the kitchen table arrayed with covered dishes and at my plate a piece of paper with a line of Tad's crabbed scrawl. "Here is dinner," it said. "Bob's wife is sick. Thaddeus Nute." This was the way in which Tad informed me that his brother had told of our meeting; later, when I had smoked my pipe and crawled into my cot, I laughed outright at the funny side of his corpse of a soul.

When I awoke he was standing over me with a lighted candle thrust into the neck of a bottle. His shirt gaped open in front, and the blue-white skin on his narrow, concave chest shone in the circle of light as if it had been oiled. I could not see his face, but his voice was as cold, as bloodless, as snarling as ever. "She's going to die," he said laconically.

I sat up, blinking my eyes. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"It's her darned old heart," he whispered. "It's been wrong for years, sir. It flickers. You ought to hear it—it's flickering out!"

I jumped to my feet. "Does he know it?" cried I, pointing toward the gloom of the inner wall.

Tad's face sagged into heavy creases of terror at the thought. "I couldn't tell him," he whined softly. "He'd kill me with his hands, sir. He's awake, sir. He heard me getting hot water in the kitchen, and I had to lie to him and give him liquor. He's most extraordinary gay, sir."

This statement was immediately substantiated by the voice of old Bob coming to us faintly from his enclosure like the far-away rumbling bellow of a freight steamer nosing a fog. He was singing:

*"They left me on a coral reef,
And the ship's cook never missed me.
The bloody crew
Was one too few,
But a she-wind come and kissed me."*

And the rough and rolling melody, is still firmly fixed in my mind.

"Tad," said I, in a trembling voice, "he must be told. Good God, he should have a chance to go to her!"

"I won't do it!" he exclaimed with his coward's

courage. "When he's excited the blood sticks in his neck. He gets red. He'll lose his sense and fly at me. He's like a beast, sir!"

"Then give me that candle!" I cried, searching for my clothes. "And the key! He must have a square deal!"

Tad, putting the bottle on the floor without comment, crept off toward the open doorway, beyond which the sea and sand and sky were dusty gray with the ghost of a new morning.

"You'll have to hurry," he sniveled. "She may be gone before I get back to her." From behind the wall once more there came a snatch of song:

"For the Chinese cook hit the cap'n with a skittle—"

and as I opened the creaking door of the enclosure I could see the great mass of Bob Nute's body astride the empty cracker box, against which one pendent arm beat time to his song. The beams of light from my fluttering candle danced against the bare wooden walls, lit up the breadth of his stupid, drunken face, and must have shown him the drawn expression of my own.

"What's the matter?" he roared, impatiently rising to his unsteady feet. "I've heard you prowlin' about—you and Tad. What's the matter?"

I pointed toward the wall behind which his wife was dying. For a second he turned his head in that direction, and then came menacingly at me. "It ain't so!" he shouted heavily. "It ain't so!"

"She's not dead," said I with courage. "She's dying."

He threw his head back, lifting his beard into the air, viciously clutched a handful of fat on each side of his own stomach, and gave vent to a prolonged and fearful bellow of rage. When he looked back at me his face was swollen and flushed with his apoplectic blood; he pointed a finger at me and spoke between grinding teeth with a voice so well measured and calm that it was fearful in contrast to the spasms of his body.

"You know what it means?" he said. "Why, she'll not find me there. She's beaten me out. She's dying first, and she'll learn the truth. What will they do to comfort her when she learns the truth—she that's been waitin' to die to go to me, and thinkin' I'd stuck to her good and true, and was drowned in '86?" He coughed, and I could see the whites of his eyes darken, and the arteries of his neck writhe with the rush of blood to his great head.

Suddenly he burst out: "Where's their promise?" He stretched his right arm upward toward the starred vault of the sky, and his voice broke from its thundering power to a cracked whisper. "I had their promise that I'd croak first—I had it on the open sea. There ain't no mercy. They fooled me, and she's dying first. Take me to her. She's my wife."

He choked painfully, swayed from side to side and coughed out a splutter of oaths. "They didn't keep their promise," he roared at last, with the full vigor of his great lungs. In the light from my candle I could see his face distend like an inflated bladder, the skin was tight and shining, his lips were black. He toppled over easily and spread himself on the ground.

I looked down upon his carcass in motionless awe, and then, with my human instinct directing me, I bent over him. He turned his eyes toward me, and for a moment an expression of great beauty, triumph, and human love flickered on his features. "The promise—they kept it," he said distinctly. But with the dying articulation, life slipped out of him—snatched from his face its loveliness and left him an ugly sprawl of flesh.

I hurried out of the enclosure, threw the candle to the ground, and for many minutes I trudged aimlessly about in the sand with a throbbing head. At last—I do not know how long a time had passed—Tad appeared in front of the house and whistled to me softly, and as he came near he drew his face into a grotesque imitation of grief. It recalled Bob's words, about a shark that fans along in the trail of a doomed vessel. "She's gone," he said.

"When?" I cried, with sudden fear that nature might have misplayed.

"Just a second ago," he answered, wringing his hands. "Only a second ago. I seen it."

"Tad," said I softly, "this place is all yours now." I pointed toward the house which stood blackly against the pink of dawn with a sea bird squawking above it. "Your brother Bob has gone too."

He left me to enter the shop with his hurried shamble.

When I saw him again I had packed up my kit and was sitting on my bag in the first warm slant of sunlight.

"You're going?" he asked, as if he was rather glad. "I'm going," I answered, "when I've done all I can to help you."

"Ho!" said he a bit disdainfully. "You can't do nothing, sir, except let 'em know at the village."

These were the last words I heard from his lips, and the last time I ever laid eyes on him, with but one exception. This was when, three hours later, I looked out from the car window, as the train swung along the ridge of sandy coast. As I caught a first glimpse of the weather-browned, rambling structure, with its sign "Curios, Skins, and Museum," I fancied that it had lost its old personality. It seemed dead, as if its soul had gone. But I could see Tad standing on the edge of the sand cliff with an armful of black bottles, flinging one after the other into the sea.



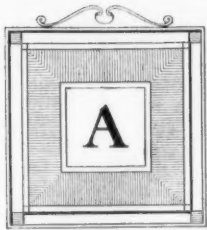
Why is a Lyric?

A Defense of the Comic-Opera Verse-Carpenter's Trade



By

WALLACE IRWIN



AFTER a brief but entirely pleasant experience in connection with a comic-opera production, I have been asked to say something about the American Lyric. If the words herein set down are mainly in a minor key, it is not due to any bitterness on my part, but is based on the lament of some lyric writers I have met.

"The tired business man," that perhaps imaginary individual who locks his brains in the safe at five o'clock, and goes to the theatre of evenings in a state of gentle idiocy "to be amused but not instructed," is responsible, they say, for the thralldom of the present-day lyric writer. Whatever the cause may be, the man who supplies the words to the songs that appear in our average musical comedies is a slave—he is worse than a slave, because the sable serfs of the Congo may, at least, sing the words that best please them in their wild fetish dances; but the professional lyric writer to Broadway popular tunes is an unambitious atom at the beck of every minion of the theatre from the star down to the boy who passes ice-water between acts.

The word "lyric" is derived from the word "lyre" because when a bard of old had a good operatic idea he took his harp in hand and composed words and music then and there. He performed the piece that very evening, being himself the star, manager, composer, and librettist. The best ancient exponent of this system was Sappho; the best modern example is Richard Carle.

Comic opera, as the ancient lyricists understood it, was a one-man power. To-day it takes a syndicate and a conspiracy to write a comic opera. To produce a musical show it requires: A manager, a librettist, a humorist, a stenographer, a press agent, a scandal, a star, a composer, a musical director, a stage carpenter, a scene painter, a property man, a costumer, a special train, a theatre, a spotlight man, a chorus, a lawsuit . . . and somewhere down in the list, obscurely patient, there is usually one wealthy but non-essential individual, the Man-Who-Writes-the-Words-for-the-Songs.

The lyricist is usually a sort of afterthought in the cosmic scheme of musical comedy. The stage manager says: "There's something wrong with the show. The costumes are gorgeous, the composer writes just as good tunes as ever, the chorus can kick, the star can sing—and yet we seem to have forgotten something. Ah, yes! I have it! We must have some words written for our songs."

So the lyric writer is dragged forth from his gilded apartment to write "Hail, all hail!" and "He is indeed a potentate!" into the King's entrance song and to add sufficient tra-la-las to the "great waltz number" to give it life and originality.

That Persistent Old Gilbert Ghost

EVERY schoolboy has been told that American and English musical comedy is in a shocking bad way. The press is eager to smear this form of art with faint praise and every dramatic critic, during the dull season, looks afar upon the waste lands of Cleverness and discovers, with the air of a literary Columbus, that Gilbert and Sullivan are dead. And yet managers are continually searching for wit, satire, originality in comic opera. Sometimes they find the brains they are looking for and serve them up, according to the prevailing fad of cooking, to what is known as the "jaded appetite" of Broadway.

Bernard Shaw might for a large sum furnish a satirical libretto, the lyrics to be written by Rudyard Kipling and the music by Richard Strauss. If these three suns were brought in conjunction in one heaven, the effect would be brilliant, no doubt. And yet would the color scheme appear harmonious? Would not Mr. Kipling insist upon large, loud military choruses to come stamping in on Mr. Shaw's super-mannerisms? And would not Mr. Strauss cry aloud for a Salome pantomime as a finale to a socialistic second act? If such a combination were humanly possible, the result might open on Broadway, but I am not sure that it would remain there for the highly desirable one hundred nights. I have a suspicion that the second week's engagement might see the fickle public flocking to "Tootsy Toddlers" across the street. Perhaps, to continue the show a third week the management of the Shaw-Strauss-Kipling combination might be obliged to interpolate a coon song by Jerome and Schwartz with a pony ballet.

Of the above mythical team Mr. Kipling would, undoubtedly, fare the worst. His lines, in cold type, are written to be heard. Delivered over the footlights with our national stage patter, would the audience know, or care, what the lyric was all about? Every

song publisher might nail over his door the motto: "Little Lyrics Should Be Sung and Not Heard." Why the average popular song should have words at all, I do not understand, unless it be to satisfy the greed of many actors and all chorus-girls whose profession it is to chew and swallow good lines. "I can't see why people go so crazy over your song," said a critic to a lyric writer. "They like the dance," said the poet sadly.

The lyric writer, if he chanced to be cursed with an education, goes into the trade with the idea that Fun and Thought should appear on the stage, like lovely sisters, hand in hand, and that Satire should crown them both. A Magazine Poet was once asked to write the lyrics for a Broadway musical comedy. The work was written, rehearsed, tried on the dog-days and opened for a successful run on the Great White Way. After the first night a Book Reviewer called sadly on the M. P. and spoke as follows:

"Gentle but misguided sir, we expected great things of you. You used to be particular, and now you are popular. We thought your first effort would be a stinging satire on American life—and lo! your great song hit was a piece called 'Father Loves His Lemon Pie.' How is this? When you wrote for the magazines you were a delicate, whimsical humorist with a gift for tripping rime. We used to call you the American Gilbert."

The youthful lyricist groaned. "Call me what you please," he said, "but for Heaven's sake don't drag in W. S. Gilbert again!" And he wept into the grand piano.

The Cold, Cold Truth about the Lyricist

AS Mr. Charles Belmont Davis pointed out in his article entitled "Lyrics by —," the work of Gilbert stands as a model for all modern comic opera. Theoretically, but not practically. Gilbert is about as much a model for the average Broadway success as Rembrandt is a model for burnt-leather ties.

Many theories have been advanced to account for the superior intelligence of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

There is a general opinion that Gilbert wrote and polished his tinkling, stinging rimes to be sung as written, and that he would not endure any alteration of meaning or metre on the part of musician or stage manager. This may be true, but it does not require any far stretch of the imagination to see Gilbert trying to cramp and torture a successful bit of verse into a bound-to-be-popular tune furnished him by the composer according to prevailing methods. Might not the following tragedietta have been often enacted between Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert?

SCENE.—W. S. GILBERT'S study, London. The playwright is changing the lines of "The Mikado" to suit a celebrated comedian just engaged. Enter ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

GILBERT (*fiercely*)—Well, what's the matter now? SULLIVAN—New comedian says our song, "To My Youthful Fancy Fleeting," doesn't suit him. We'll have to chop it out.

GILBERT—Nice mess he's making of it! And the show goes on Monday night.

SULLIVAN—The new comedian is great on comedy flower-songs. He thinks we might write one that would make a hit. I've got the tune written for it.

GILBERT—Oh, you have, have you? Perhaps you can write the words, too.

SULLIVAN (*carelessly*)—Oh, what do the words matter anyway?

GILBERT—True! Let's hear what you've got.

SULLIVAN—My tune goes like this:

"Hi-diddle, do-diddle, do-dum, tra-la!
Dum-dummy, tum-tummy, di-dee."

GILBERT—And I've got to fit words to this stuff by— SULLIVAN—By two o'clock. Have them over to the theatre—good-by! (*Exit SULLIVAN.*)

GILBERT (*taking up pencil peevishly*)—Let's see—

"Hi-diddle, do-diddle, do-dum, tra-la!
Dum-dummy, tum-tummy, di-dee."

(He writes without the least hesitation.)

"The flowers that bloom in the spring—tra-la!
Bring promise of merry sunshine."

(The rest is history. Thus is many a great work accomplished while the gods smile.)

I hope the classic Gilbert never had to resort to this modern stage device—but I am not without my suspicions. So many things may happen to a lyric—any kind of a lyric—between its birth at the typewriter and its glorification or damnation at the footlights.

The Magazine Poet referred to in this article—the

man who stormed Broadway with "Father Loves His Lemon Pie," had an entirely different title and intention for the song when he first wrote it. It was originally a tripping little love song to be called "Who'd Be a Single Man?" It went like this:

"Love is a gambler and Love is a gambler,
Feeling the gamester's thrill,
Sometimes he chooses the wrong card and loses,
Often his luck is ill.
Yet there are prizes of various sizes
Won at the dealer's call—
I'd rather take chances with doubtful romances
Than never to win at all.

"Who'd be a single man?—inquire!
Better be single than avoid the fire—
That is the wiser plan.
Bachelors find in celibacy
Joy of a negative quality—
Who'd be a single man?"

The Poet gave the song to his Musician, who had what he called a "knockout" tune on hand. The metre of the tune did not fit the metre of the poem—but the musician was not embarrassed by the fact. He lopped off the lines to fit the music so that the lyric, in its secondary stage, read:

"Love rambles, gambles—tra-la!
He feels a thrill.
Oftentimes he does lose—
His luck's so very ill.
Yet prizes they're so very many
Each time the dealer chances to call,
And there are chances in romances
When nobody wins at all.

"Single, single man,
That's a foolish plan—
It is better to be wed
Than a single man.
Single, single man,
Tell me if you can,
Hearts are cold when you are just
A single man."

The song, as first written, was intended for the leading juvenile tenor, but when the comedian heard the music he was mad to sing it. He objected, however, to the words. "Too sentimental," he said. "I want something with some comedy, some zing in it. Now, I've got just the place for the song. I've got a speech about a lemon—" "That lemon joke is so old," mildly suggested the lyricist.

"Old," said the comedian, "of course it's old, but Broadway's got a taste for lemons. I'd no more think of putting a show on Broadway without a lemon joke in it than I'd think of going to Martin's in a bathing suit."

So the song, "Who'd Be a Single Man?" was changed as follows:

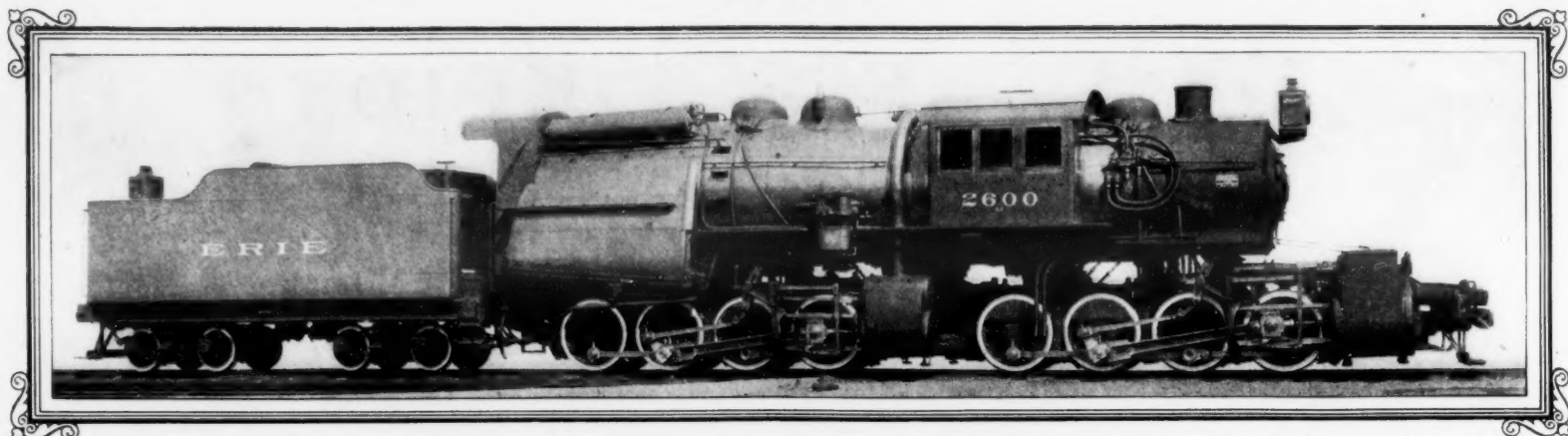
"Father likes lemons, tra-la!
Father's so sour.
Oft late at night he comes home—
He doesn't mind the hour.
A pitcher of lemonade we give him,
Which he absorbs in perfect bliss.
But when he screeches, 'Give me peaches!'
We hand him a lemon like this:

"Lemon, lemon pie!
Father, lift your eye,
Mother's at the kitchen stove
Building lemon pie.
Lemon, lemon pie,
My old man would die
If he didn't have a slice
Of lemon pie."

Writing for a Tune-Mad Public

THIS gem made such an immediate hit that it ran through twelve editions of a million each and would doubtless have accumulated a fortune for the Magazine Poet had not two song publishers gotten into a lawsuit over the copyright and compromised by keeping all the royalties and sending the author a check for \$15.

Stripped of parable and exaggeration, the above process of lyric writing is the chief cause of word-weakness in modern light opera and musical-comedy. The public that demanded a Gilbert and Sullivan was idea-mad; the public that demands Broadway vaudeville is tune-mad. It is difficult for artistic verse to be written by dropping in the syllables to fit a row of musical accents, however pleasing. That is why not only the average light opera, but the average grand opera as well, is apt to be aimless from a mere literary point of view. The words of "Tootsy Toddlers" are not, after all, any more metreless and silly than are the words of "Tannhäuser," which, unless I mistake, were measured off with a German yardstick to fit Wagner's wild syllables. Music is a universal language which scorns sound prosody and good grammar—and can often afford to.



A 205-ton freight locomotive, the largest ever built, to be used entirely for pushing heavy trains, as its traction power is so great that it would pull out the couplers

Robbers with Dynamite

THE "Oriental Limited," one of the fast trains of the Northern Pacific, was held up by outlaws early on the morning of September 12, at Rondo siding, near Rexford, Montana. As the train was running along the Kootenai River, two masked men climbed across the tender of the engine from the front platform of the baggage car and compelled the engineer to bring the train to a stop. According to the ancient usage of train robbers, they marched the engineer and fireman back to the door of the express car, where they were used as body-shields while the parley with the express messenger was on. The messenger and the mail clerk climbed down and, with the engineer and fireman, were marched to the rear of the train by one bandit. Raking the sides of the train with a continuous rifle fire, the robbers dynamited the safe in the express car, which they incidentally wrecked, and also shattered the baggage car under the impression it contained express matter and registered mail. The passengers were unmolested, and the railroad officials say that the amount stolen was not large.



A Northern Pacific express car wrecked by train robbers

Guayaquil to Quito

A SECTION of the railroad now building across Ecuador, from Guayaquil to Quito, has been opened. Designed to open to rail-communication a high and almost inaccessible portion of the Western Andes, this road was undertaken by capitalists and engineers from the United States. On June 25 of this year the line from Guayaquil to Latacunga, within 60 miles of Quito, had been laid, and the first train between those two points was run. Impressive, and characteristically South American, ceremonies marked the occasion. The portion of the road which has been constructed up the Andes has presented extraordinary difficulties to the engineers. But for the most part the road stretches across the high plateau. Here the problem was simple. Nearly all of the grading on these sections has been finished and the rails put down. The engineers say that by the first of next January the road will be completed to Quito. Between Guayaquil and Quito lies some of the richest agricultural land in the world. The new railroad is to cost before completion \$18,000,000.



Government officials of Ecuador at the opening of the Guayaquil-Quito Railroad from Guayaquil to Latacunga

Phases of American Railroading

What the World is Doing

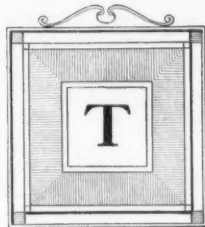
A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT



No Chicago Charter

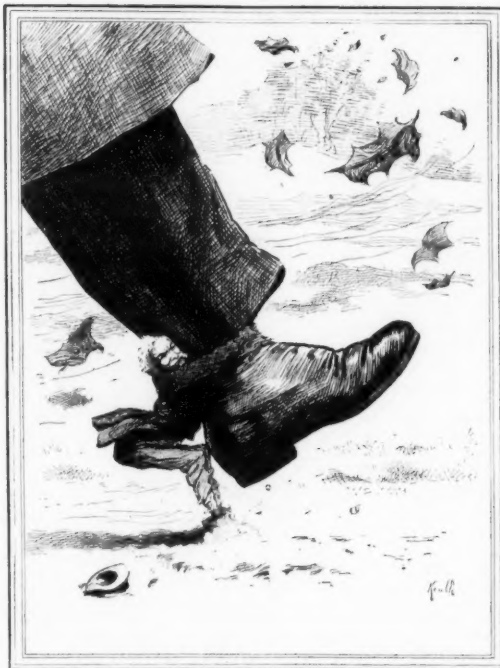


THE attempt to modernize Chicago's antiquated system of government met with failure in the charter election of September 17. The proposed charter was beaten by a vote of 121,935 to 59,786—over two to one. The friends of the new frame of government carried only four wards out of thirty-five. Chicago is living, or rather existing, under the most cumbersome and inefficient system of government possessed by any large city in America, and the proposed charter contained many undoubted improvements. But it had been badly mutilated by the Legislature, and there were several features that aroused antagonism. It gave a great deal of power to the Mayor, and while this has been the usual tendency among American municipal reformers, the course of Mayor Busse had not been such as to make the voters of Chicago welcome the idea with enthusiasm. It gerrymandered the wards in such a way that the people of the poorer districts feared partial disfranchisement. The small property-owners dreaded increased taxes and the foreign-born voters were afraid of having their Sunday beer cut. The Hearst influence was cast against the charter, and the Socialists waged an active campaign on the same side. The reformers announced their intention of keeping up the fight, avoiding in their next attempt the mistakes that brought defeat this time.

The fact that only about half of the registered electors of Chicago took the trouble to vote on the charter has been grotesquely cited as a proof that the principle of the referendum is a failure. Of course, the real lesson of the comparatively small vote is precisely the opposite. The indifferent voters, who had no opinions on the subject at issue, automatically disfranchised themselves, and the question was left to be decided by those who took enough interest in it to go to the polls.

Standard Oil's Profits

THE trial of the great suit of the Government to dissolve the Standard Oil Trust began with the taking of testimony in New York. The first week's evidence disclosed nothing startling in the way of criminal practices, but it was of great interest in the light it threw upon the profits and the ownership of the combination. It appeared that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, the feeble little million-dollar corporation which had been so oppressed by Judge Landis with a fine of nearly thirty times its capital, had cleared \$10,516,082 last year, or over a thousand per cent on its capitalization, and had paid dividends of \$4,495,500, or nearly 450 per cent. In seven years the parent company, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, with a capital of less than \$100,000,000, had cleared \$490,315,934, and paid out \$308,359,403 in dividends. In the twenty-six years since the formation of the Standard Oil Trust, which was nominally dissolved in 1892, but really continued under the same ownership and management, the profits were over \$900,000,000. The largest stockholder was Mr. John D. Rockefeller, with 247,692 shares, of the nominal value of \$24,769,200, and a market value, at \$440 per share, of \$108,984,480. Mr. Rockefeller owned over six times as much as any other single holder. The D. M. Harkness estate, representing twelve heirs, came next to him, with 80,000 shares of stock. The largest single holder after Mr. Rockefeller was Colonel Oliver H. Payne, with 40,000 shares, and the next largest Mr. Henry M. Flagler, with 30,500. Mr. H. H. Rogers was



"SENATOR FORAKER IS OPPOSING TAFT'S PROGRESS IN OHIO"

found to have only 16,020 shares, with a par value of \$1,602,000, and a market value of \$7,048,800, and Mr. William Rockefeller 11,700 shares, worth in the market \$5,148,000. A clear majority of all the stock was held by eight individuals and estates.

It is a curious example of life's little ironies that the thing which most particularly subjects the Standard Oil Company to public odium is the direct outcome of its failure to practise a vice which the public especially condemns. It has not watered its stock, and therefore its profits stand out in all their naked enormity. A few years ago a man with \$825 could have bought one share of Standard Oil stock. By watching his chance he could have bought a little later a hundred shares of United States Steel stock with the same money. If he had bought the one share of Standard Oil stock it would now be returning him an income of from \$40 to \$48 a year, or in the neighborhood of five per cent on his investment. If he had bought the hundred shares of Steel stock they would be paying him \$200 a year, or over twenty-four per cent. But the Steel dividends are only two per cent on the par value of the common stock, a rate too moderate to excite any public hostility. It is hardly surprising that there is talk now of an increase of Standard Oil's nominal capital to \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000, and a reduction of the dividends to proportions inoffensive to public opinion.

Peace Promised in Morocco

THE inglorious little war of France and Spain in Morocco, which threatened to grow into a big war, gives hope of an early ending. After prolonged negotiations with the French naval and military commanders, the chiefs of three tribes accepted the proffered terms of peace, and gave hostages to insure their faithful observance. They engaged to disperse and chastise all hostile bands in their territory, to surrender the authors of the outrages upon Europeans at Casablanca, to disarm all the natives within ten miles of that place, and to pay an indemnity. The submission of these tribes relieves General Drude of danger on his left flank, and is believed to render the reduction of the remaining malcontents a comparatively simple matter.

Canadian Labor on the Japanese

THE theory that the anti-Asiatic disorders at Vancouver were the work of a few American agitators from Seattle was considerably damaged by the unanimous action of the Trade and Labor Congress at Winnipeg. The first order of business of this body, representing labor organizations from every part of Canada, was the adoption of a set of resolutions, to be telegraphed to Premier Laurier, reciting that the Japanese had "usurped the opportunities for labor in the fisheries of British Columbia," and were threatening entirely to "supplant white labor in the mines and lumbering industries," and continuing:

"And whereas, the continuance of the Japanese Treaty Act, 1906, means the depopulation of British Columbia of white people and possibly the loss of that Province altogether to the Dominion of Canada;

"Therefore be it resolved:

"1. That we respectfully, but firmly, ask the abrogation of the treaty so far as Canada is concerned;

"2. That as a necessary preliminary to that end the Dominion Government be urged to immediately call upon the Japanese authorities to give the six months' notice required to terminate the treaty with Japan;

"3. That pending the termination of the treaty the Japanese authorities be called upon to restrict the immigration of Japanese in accordance with the alleged convention that not more than four hundred or five hundred be allowed to come to Canada during any one year."

These resolutions were adopted without a dissenting voice. Naturally the Canadian Government did not accept the summary orders of the convention, but the state of feeling disclosed was manifestly not a thing to be dismissed as the idle froth of alien agitation. The seriousness of the situation is fully realized in England, where the London "Nation" observes that it "brings out into clear relief a hidden reef in the ocean of Imperialism." Sir Wilfrid Laurier returned an evasive answer to the demand of the Labor Congress, intimating that the Government would look into the Japanese question before acting.

Oklahoma Decides

NOTWITHSTANDING the urgent advice of Secretary Taft to reject their constitution and take their chances of coming into the Union at some time in the indefinite future, the people of Oklahoma decided on September 17 that they would come in at once. They ratified the constitution by a majority of about sixty thousand, adopted State prohibition by some thirty thousand, elected a Democratic Governor by about the same figure, along with the entire Democratic State ticket, chose a Democratic Legislature which will name two United States Senators of that party, and elected four out of five Democratic Representatives in Congress.

The complaint that the Constitutional Convention had gerrymandered the State in the Democratic interest seems to have had little foundation. If the votes had been distributed with absolute uniformity there would have been a Democratic majority of about five thousand in every Congressional district. The fact that the Republicans were able to elect at least one Congressman indicates that they had little to complain of except lack of votes. With returns in from all the counties but eight, the Republican candidate for Governor, Frantz, with all his popularity and the strength of the Federal and Territorial administrations to back him, was found to have carried only eleven, while Haskell, the Democratic candidate, carried fifty-six.

Although Oklahoma, like Arizona, has seriously disappointed the Administration by perversely rejecting its paternal advice, there seems no

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reason to fear an attempt to punish the new State by keeping it out of the Union. The special census taken just before the election showed a population of nearly 1,500,000, by far the largest that any State ever possessed on its admission. In fact Oklahoma is more populous than the last seven States admitted—Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Washington, Montana, and the Dakotas—were, all put together, when they came into the Union. There are at least twenty States that rank behind her now. Of the sovereign Powers of the world, claiming the right to equal representation with the United States and the British Empire at The Hague, twelve have fewer inhabitants than Oklahoma. Nineteen Powers are below her in area and natural resources. In such circumstances even the dark probability that she will cast seven electoral votes for the Democratic candidates in next year's Presidential election can hardly be considered sufficient ground for keeping her in the Territorial infant class any longer.

Hazards of Peace

Japanese, like American, ships suffer at target practise

THAT the dangers involved in the race for rapid shooting records with smokeless powder and high-powered guns are not confined to the American Navy was made manifest when an explosion in a ten-inch gun turret on the Japanese battleship *Kashima* killed thirty-four men and wounded eight. This is the most disastrous turret accident in the navies of the world since the calamity on the *Missouri* in 1904. Although it occurred on September 9, the news did not get out until over a week later. President Roosevelt and the American Navy Department at once sent messages of condolence.

As all the men in the *Kashima's* turret at the time of the explosion were killed or too badly wounded to tell what happened, the cause of the accident is not definitely known, but the Japanese experts attribute it to the same thing that has been so destructive in our own service—a "flareback." The gun had been fired twice and a third charge had been inserted, but the breech block had not been closed, when, according to the official account, "the said charge, catching fire from the back flare, set on fire the charge for the fourth projectile, which was at the back of the gun." It has been found necessary on American ships to take strict precautions against bringing up extra loads before they are needed, but apparently the Japanese Navy has had to learn by its own bloody experience the lesson that rapidity of fire can be too dearly bought.

The long series of similar accidents in our own navy has naturally made this a vital subject with us, and a turret board has been at work since the *Georgia* disaster investigating their causes and the best methods of preventing them in future. Its members think they have found a way of improving the present system of clearing out the bores of guns by blasts of compressed air so that its purpose of making "flarebacks" impossible will be attained. They also propose the complete separation of turrets from magazines, the lack of which has been one of the chief defects in our warship designs, and many improvements in the installation of electrical appliances, fire protection, and the removal of combustible material. The chief structural changes advised have already been embodied in the designs of the new battleships *Delaware* and *New York*, but the board wishes to have all the older ships brought up to the same level of safety.

One device in which American officers have great hopes is a pneumatic carrier for ammunition. At present the charges are carried up from the magazines by electric hoists, whose speed can not be hastened, so that guns' crews anxious for rapid-firing records have to make up time just where haste is most dangerous—in the transfer of the powder from the carrier to the gun. With the pneumatic system the cartridge will be puffed up from the magazine like a postal packet through a mail tube, without loss of time and without risk.

In Fort Dingley

Philadelphia manufacturers have no use for tariff revision

THE fact that the National Association of Manufacturers voted in favor of revising the tariff was one of the arguments advanced by Secretary Taft to justify his bold declaration that the Dingley duties should be reduced when the Republican Party got around to it. But it appears that the liberal views of the manufacturers in general have not yet penetrated the sanctuary of protection in Pennsylvania. The Manufacturers Club of Philadelphia has adopted a set of resolutions protesting against any disturbance of the present tariff "until conditions have so changed that the public interest demands a change in the rates of duty, and until it can be shown that less injury will result than good be accomplished by such action." Of course, the revisionists say that the public interests already demand a change, but the Philadelphia manufacturers know better. They say that the present protective tariff has "given the American people, the farmer, the manufacturer, the wage-worker, and the merchant, the highest measure of prosperity any nation has ever known." They do not share the gloom of Wall Street, and call upon despondent speculators to "look into the country, where the factories and the forges are going, where the farmers are harvesting their crops and sending them to market; where well-paid men are putting forth enormous production for our domestic markets, and for the markets of the world." They warn Congress that it would be a crime for it to do anything at this time to upset business. So there appears to be at least one crime that Congress is not likely to commit.

Justice in Pennsylvania

Still following the trail of the Capitol thieves

RETRIBUTION is pressing upon the heels of the State Capitol swindlers in Pennsylvania. On September 18 warrants were issued for the arrest of fourteen men charged with complicity in the frauds. The list included Joseph M. Huston, the architect, with his assistant, Stanford B. Lewis, John H. Sanderson, who got the blanket contract for fittings, William L. Mathues,

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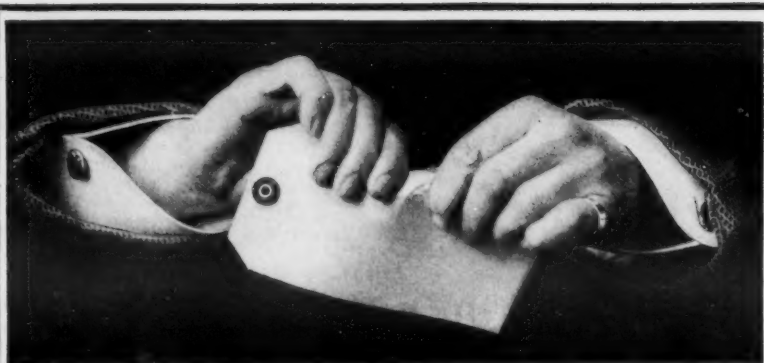
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the former State Treasurer, William P. Snyder, former Auditor-General, and a number of other politicians and business men. When Quay gave Mathues the nomination for State Treasurer, the reformers made a determined effort to beat him at the polls, but the voters rallied to the old cry that the holy tariff was in danger and Quay's man was elected to the place his master had made so profitable.

The criminal actions thus far begun fall in two groups, the "Sanderson cases" and the "metal cases." Some of the defendants, such as Huston, Snyder, and Mathues, figure in both classes. Thirty definite charges of conspiracy and fraud have been made against Architect Huston, and the same number against J. M. Shumaker, former Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings, twenty-nine each against Snyder and Mathues, and fifteen each against Sanderson and H. Burd Cassel of the Pennsylvania Construction Company. Sanderson, Huston, Snyder, Shumaker, Cassel, and Mathues had to give bail in the amount of \$60,000 each. The work of preparing the cases was said to be unusually easy, owing to the recklessness with which the frauds had been committed.

In addition to the criminal prosecutions, civil suits will be brought for the recovery of as much as possible of the Capitol loot. Sanderson collected five millions and a quarter from the State, the Pennsylvania Construction Company got two millions for metal filing cases, and Architect Huston put in bills for over half a million, of which he succeeded in cashing four-fifths before the advent of State Treasurer Berry brought the reign of plunder to an end. There is hope that some of these people may have sufficient financial responsibility to be made to disgorge.

Unaccustomed Compliments

Glasgow hears strange things about New York

IT has long been an axiom in Great Britain that American cities are the world's awful examples of misgovernment, and that of all American city governments New York has the worst. The name of "Tammany" has become one of such dire portent that many Britons imagine that Tammany elects the President and appoints the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. Americans have generally been willing to admit that their municipal administration has been a failure, and they have freely conceded the excellence of city government in Great Britain. And of all British cities the one most persistently held up as a model has been Glasgow. When, therefore, Mr. Andrew Carnegie told a Glasgow audience that in some respects New York led the world he had the pleasure of administering a shock to conventional ideas on both sides of the ocean.

Mr. Carnegie praised the foresight that had given the American metropolis a cheap public water supply equal to a hundred gallons per head for eight million people, while London was tied up to a meagre supply from private companies which could not be bought out without an enormous expense. He thought the Riverside Drive, with its seven-mile extension, unparalleled in the world, and beyond comparison with London's Thames Embankment. He held up to admiration New York's wisdom in buying seven thousand acres of land for parks, with miles of drives through real woods. He told of her wide avenues, her subways which would belong to the people in fifty years, her twenty-three miles of municipal wharfs, her Public Service Commission, her splendid central library with its hundred branches, seventy-eight of which were accepted in one morning—"the largest wholesale operation I ever had in this line." "I venture to predict," he added, "that forty-five years hence New York will be the richest city in the world in the ownership of revenue-producing properties which will have cost her nothing. She has been wisely governed, always keeping her eye upon the future." Mr. Carnegie comforted his hearers, however, by admitting that there was much to regret and condemn in city government in America, and that as a whole we were far behind the cities of Great Britain.

Accidents and Dividends

Killing people becoming too expensive for street railroads

EVER since the development of mechanical traction began to fill the streets of American cities with high-powered high-speed electric cars in the place of the old horse-cars, municipal governments have been struggling with the problem of forcing the companies that operate these machines to pay a decent regard to public safety. All their efforts have been futile. The traction companies have uniformly acted on the principle that it is cheaper to kill a certain number of children and cut off a certain number of arms and legs every year than to equip their cars with proper safety appliances. That this policy is bad in morals has not disturbed them, but they may pay more attention to accumulating evidences that it is bad business.

Some startling facts bearing on this subject have just been made public by the president of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. It appears that in the year ending June 30, 1907, the company incurred a deficit of \$364,048.53 after meeting operating expenses and fixed charges. In the same year it paid damage claims for accidents to the amount of \$1,217,586.85. But for this it would have had a surplus of over \$853,000 instead of a deficit of a third of a million. Its damage claims absorbed nearly seven per cent of its gross receipts—a sum equivalent to two dollars per share on the stock, now barren of dividends. And this does not include the cost of the company's expensive legal staff and of its industrious claim adjusters.

It is true that President Parsons does not draw the obvious moral from these figures. He lays the blame for the trouble on the enterprise of "ambulance-chasing," and announces that in future the company "will contest in the courts every claim for damages which it considers is not a just one." But an acute financier whose attention is once fixed upon the subject can hardly fail to see that if there were no ambulance calls there would be no ambulance-chasers, and that if there were no just claims, unjust ones would have little standing before juries. The two millions it had to pay in damages for a single tunnel accident convinced the New York Central that it had been mistaken in thinking it could not electrify its terminal, and when traction companies throughout the country are compelled to choose between killings and dividends, they will find ways to prevent the killings.

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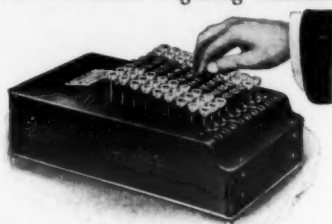
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Life in Our Town

IN the issue of February 23 Collier's offered a prize of \$100 for the best letter on the subject "Life in Our Town." The prize letter was printed May 4; others have appeared on June 1, 15, and 22, on July 13 and 20, and on August 3. Others will be printed in forthcoming numbers of Collier's

A Prairie College Town

OUR town? It is the Ultima Thule of the Middle West—a fleck of sand in a cup of prairie. From the eastern rim, where the sun peeps up o' mornings, to the western rim, "where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles," there is no hint that the world is anything else but prairie.

And down here in the centre of the cup—well, here is the whole world. For over the rim somewhere, in that great feverish city whence your word of invitation comes to me, what have you of human beings more than these three—the thinker, the laborer, and the parasite? These, too, have we; and so, here is the world.

For us, the world is divided into two parts—the college (there is a college, you see, even at this end-of-the-earth) and the town. The two ought properly to be one, of course, in spirit if not in body—fated as they are to spend their lives off here together, like an old married couple alone on a farm. But somehow they managed to get a divorce, nobody knows just how long ago; and here they have been living ever since, quite respectfully, side by side. The pupils from the local high-school become students at the college, and during their four years they look to the manner born; but when they graduate and get back to the stores and the banks and the outlying farms, the town stamps them for her own once more and the old line of demarcation remains as sharp as ever.

The centre of the town is a group of stores, which straggle along the main thoroughfare. At one end of this row of stores is a small hotel, which bears proudly over its door the name of New York's greatest hostelry. There the passing drummer is in his glory, patronizing the obsequious clerk. At the other end of the row is the "opera house" whither opera came not in the memory of man; but every year "Uncle Tom's Cabin" passes in stately procession along the central street, with Aunt Dinah and Little Eva and the Bloodhounds in undimmed splendor, and Uncle Tom plays out his tragic rôle to an audience whose enthusiasm never wanes; and once, I remember, a one-night company played "Othello" in the big, barn-like room. The local scenery was used, of course; and when the stately Moor told how he had charmed Desdemona with stories

"— of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

there was a certain poetic fitness in seeing above his noble head the brightly painted sign: "Go to John Jones's for your Groceries."

The aspect of this main street, with its straggling stores, changes somewhat with the passing seasons; but the final impression of the place is one of winter. Winter is the monarch, and summer is but an interregnum, during which one catches breath for the coming cold. When King Winter comes, it is with no mincing step. His stride is a stride of power. The air cuts like a knife; and the grind of wheels on the snow-packed streets is as the rasping of a saw. The normal human type disappears from the highway, and buffalo-coated Scandinavian bipeds with great frost-weighted beards—strange, uncouth animals, aroused untimely from their hibernation—walk the streets or drive the shivering horses. The plate-glass front of the village drug store discreetly veils behind an opaque wall of frost the illicit traffic of a local option town. Even the post-office loafers seek their holes, and the sidewalks are given over to the man with a purpose. And the chances are that he is on the way to the drug store.

Off at the edge of the town, where the houses begin to thin, are the college buildings, an architectural *pot-pourri* of everything from medieval Gothic to Indian tepee. Brown sandstone, red brick, plaster of a dim, half-forgotten whiteness; over the main doorway, a *bas-relief* vaguely suggestive of how the serpent might have looked after swallowing Laocoon; the green island of campus dotted in a brown ocean of prairie—these are some of the elements of external picturesqueness.

Housed in this abortive architectural medley are a faculty of something over two score, and a student body of between two and three hundred. College men from the East have sought these prairies to carve out new fortunes, and their sons and daughters bring to the campus and classroom the poise of the civilly bred; but beside these are the rank and file of the students—splendid, strong fellows, quite innocent of any of the nine tailors who are supposed to make a man, but perhaps rather more the man without them. These boys are gawky and awkward, but the vigor of the prairies is in them, and their personalities are as tonic as the air they breathe. Sixty per cent of them, perhaps, are Scandinavian—immigrants or the sons and daughters of immigrants. In most cases they come with money they have earned themselves, or with only the capital of strong arms and indomitable energy to put them through their four years at college. The daughter's way is more often smoothed out of the paternal pocketbook; and it is far from uncommon, on the opening day, to see the prospective student coming in literally "bag and baggage"—ensconced on the top of a wagonload of furniture and supplies—Vergil and College Algebra in the dishpan and an unabridged dictionary on the kitchen stove.

It was a curious irony of fate which made a college town of Ultima Thule. Did the sober pioneers who "planted" the institution, I wonder, have any sense of dramatic contrast? Could they foresee a group of students reading together some evening, by a shaded lamp, those wonderful word-pictures of Tennyson's in "The Palace of Art"—mellow, sophisticated as a landscape by Constable:

"And one, the reapers at their sultry toil,
In front, they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind."

"And one, an English home—gray twilight poured
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace."

The book is closed. There is a little span of silence; and then, through the open window, in from the hollow dark, comes the long-drawn howl of the prairie wolf. It is the old primitive voice of the night, mocking the sophisticated poet of the modern time. The magic of the sound transforms us. Gone is the vision of that "haunt of ancient Peace." Gone, too, the little American village set in the prairie. The long line of English poetry bends back upon itself, and we are in the day of Saxon Beowulf once again. We sit trembling in the hall of Heorot. Out on the misty moors comes Grendel striding, the demon March-stalker. God's wrath he bears.

Strange, strange little Western town, so hard, so material, so brutally unimaginative! With your college foisting upon you a culture which you value in dollars and cents—with your twentieth century pride in "modern improvements," and your lust for gain—and yet with the epic sweep of the prairie all around you; and out there, almost within touch of your callous fingers, the splendid old primitive life!

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If there can be such a thing as a city of farmers ours is, for we live in the midst of an agricultural locality, and all our machinery of enterprise is built for the sole purpose of putting the produce of our farms into a negotiable shape, our tobacco into cigars, and our corn into whisky, and, above all, to so breed, rear, and train our horses that they shall hold a stout heart in whatever hazard they are placed. Out of this love for the thoroughbred has grown what has come to be known as perhaps our best fame, followed closely by the renown which the products of our distilleries have won. Race-horses and booze! Not a very laudable ambition, you will say, for any city to hold, and perhaps not. But what would you have? A community must boast of something, and if the usual glories, such as educational emprise, picture galleries, stock exchanges, and butcher shops have all been preempted by luckier cities, let us then fall back on what we have left to us. At that we are not an immoral people. Our inherent love for a race-horse and our reputed liking for a mint julep is rather the outgrowth of an artistic instinct that prompts us to do the best we can with either.

For the greater part of each year we pursue the even tenor of our way, but our gala time comes each spring and fall, when from out the four corners of the country our colts come home to run for the delectation of their erstwhile masters.

Along with them comes also a crowd of hot-eyed strangers to witness the sport of kings in the home of the thoroughbred. For three weeks they parade our prize street, from our "only fireproof hotel in the city" back to where our three skyscrapers stand out in bold silhouette against the sky. For three weeks each spring and fall life in our town is maddeningly bold and bad, and then they move on, horses and strangers alike, and leave us with but the memory of the "august splendor" which they imparted, and the only evidence of their passing is to be found in the intricately new styles in which our youths tie their scarfs and the peculiar angles at which those same youths tilt the brims of their slouch hats. Then we go back to the business of making whisky by day, and by night we forget, as do other safe and sane people, around little bare-topped tables to listen to a Hungarian band discourse the same airs they are whistling on the streets of Portland, Oregon, and Portland, Maine.

A rather trite existence, it's true, but we find it very sweet and good. There are places of much more interest, and perhaps we are not as progressive as we should be, but life here runs large enough to make it worth while, and we are rather glad that it doesn't differ so widely from other communities, for some of us may have to move elsewhere some of these days, and wherever we go we want to find life just as palatable.

M. M. NICHOLS, Louisville, Kentucky.

A Twentieth Century Mining Town

WHEN, from the pitching of the first few tents, one's eyes have caressed the building of every home in a town—when one has watched a place grow from a crude prospectors' camp to an organized town with Western Union messenger boys, dancing-teachers, ministers, policemen, tailor-shops, Martinis, electric buttons, court-rooms, relief societies, and automobiles—then may one with a rightful sense of affectionate ownership say "our town."

The only people in our town who can call this their birthplace are the little citizens, five and six years old, in blue "jumpers," who play at their make-believe upon the ore-dumps and find as surely their fairies peeping out at them from sagebrush and mining shafts as other children find their elf-folk in rustling woods.

Those who count time by years can number scarcely seven since the very beginning of Tonopah. In the spring of 1900 "Jim" Butler found the croppings of our town's hidden treasures. The first eight specimens showed values from sixty to six hundred dollars per ton. By the next spring there were two hundred and fifty people in Tonopah. When the first train on the narrow-gauge came into town, with our Tonopah band giving forth in jubilant, if not harmonious, strains, "Jim" Butler did a cakewalk up and down the track. Now we go in and out in Pullman cars.

Some of the unique buildings of those first camp days, when necessity proved the mother of so many odd inventions, still remain. We point out these buildings to visitors with somewhat the same air that Bostonians lead people to gaze upon Faneuil Hall. The average house in our town is a one-story wood cottage. But there are several stone houses and artistic plaster dwellings built along simple lines with low red-tiled roofs and rough-hewn redwood pillars to the porches. We have no lawn or trees in front of our homes, but we have cactus window-gardens.

It is most interesting to watch the city office-bred man who comes to our town—the man who has moved in his narrow sphere of business grind, like a marionette—conventionality pulling the strings. At first he is at a loss which way to turn. Like a tamed animal set free, he doesn't recognize his freedom at first. No desk to call him in the morning—no figures to haunt him at night. After a while the primitive impulses in him begin to stir, and he has sensations he would have never known had he lived out his life in his monotonous office. He sets to work with the air of a man who has suddenly come into his own. New strength, new hope, new enthusiasm, carry him, nine cases out of ten, over "the hard lines" in our town and help him to make good.

A typical summer day in our town is unforgettable. In the afternoon, with the wind just west of south, the town lies throbbing under the glare of the sun, which shines from a sky most wonderfully blue. The white clouds, motionless, add to the dazzle of the sun and sky. The varying blue of the mountains—a particular hue which only our mountains have—delights and rests the eyes. Out on the desert the white stretches of incrustated alkali lie like silver shallows of water in ripple. The gray dust is caught up at intervals and whirled into smoke clouds from mountain to mountain. Despite the heat, a restless activity, which is so much a part of the atmosphere of our town, goes on everywhere. Darkness comes down quickly. The sun gives out its brilliance in a brief, glorious sunset. The mountains lose their sharp silhouette and take their gray dusk-haze. An invigorating coolness freshens the air, and all weariness is gone. Down in the town people are out for recreation. Music from the gambling-houses and saloons sounds upon the clear air an invitation for those who have an ear to hear. Men and women on horseback ride to the ridge or canter leisurely through the street. At the town hall there may be an entertainment—perhaps an amateur minstrel show given as a library benefit. At the Fortnightly Club a dance may be on—and here the gowns of the women and the air of the men would be a revelation to Bret Harte.

Sometimes an Easterner comes out here and says that he "doesn't see anything in it," and goes away without seeing any of the wonder, the beauty, or the romance of our town. Wonder there is—equal to the wonder at the power of Aladdin's lamp—when a man follows the lead of a little prosaic-looking gopher and finds beneath his nest, under the white talc, a veritable bed of gold; beauty there is—a free, glorious beauty in life and nature; and romance—what romance!—there is in the desert, the mountains, and even in the dusty trails, for those who call our town their home.

Every morning we awaken with the same expectancy that children push open closed doors that hide new delights—there is always something different, something freshly inspiring, in the history of the new day in our unmonotonous town.

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to sell our new lighting systems for stores, factories, streets, and homes. Sells at \$50 and up. State qualifications fully so we can make you a proposition. Names and addresses of 2,000 users free. Twice as good and twice as cheap as gas or electric. 1,000 in use in Chicago. **PITNER & CO., 175-179 LAKE STREET, CHICAGO.**

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLEGE'S

The Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co.
4254 Laclede Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me the assortment of 10 Sanitol products as offered. Deliver through my druggist, whose name is

Address

My name is

Street

City

State



10 **SANITOL** Products for \$1.00

Perhaps you are now using one or more of the Sanitol Preparations—the Tooth Powder, the Face Cream, or the Liquid Antiseptic. But you do not know the other products or their equal merit. This special offer is to introduce them to you. We are quite certain that, if once you try them, you will use them always.

To acquaint you with the excellence of **all** the Sanitol Tooth and Toilet preparations we will deliver all 10 of them to you through your druggist, for \$1.00.

Cut out coupon in upper right hand corner of this page and send it to us with a \$1.00 bill and your druggist's name and we will deliver to you, through your druggist, the complete assortment of 10 full size packages of Sanitol illustrated above, retail price of which is \$2.70.

SANITOL

The articles included in this offer are as follows:

Sanitol Tooth Powder, an antiseptic and oxidizing cleanser that preserves the health of the teeth, prevents tooth decay and keeps the teeth white. It acts differently from all other tooth powders. **Price 25 cents**

Sanitol Face Cream, the oxygen face cream, absorbed instantly into the pores, contains no grease, purifies the skin by oxygen. A skin nourisher and complexion beautifier. Absolutely the most perfect face cream made. **Price 25 cents**

Sanitol Tooth Paste, pure white, contains oxygen, which keeps gold fillings well polished, perfectly cleans the teeth and prevents tooth troubles. Contains the oxidizing and antiseptic properties of Sanitol liquid. Always fresh and soft. In a tube, no waste, convenient for travelers. **Price 25 cents**

Sanitol Toilet Powder, the Oxygen Talcum Powder, absorbs skin impurities by nature's purifier, oxygen. Cooling, healing, soothing. No toilet powder you have ever used can compare with this. **Price 25 cents**

Sanitol Liquid Antiseptic, an unequalled mouth wash for the teeth and mouth. Kills the germs of decay, purifies the breath, delightfully flavored and cooling. An antiseptic recommended by dentists. **Price 25 cents**

Sanitol Bath Powder, the oxygen bath powder, a cooling bath luxury, which instills refreshing, invigorating health into the body. The oxygen producing properties are absorbed into the skin, enabling the body to ward off disease. **Price 25 cents**

Sanitol Tooth Brush, guaranteed, adapted to the shape of the teeth and mouth, serrated edges, rounded tuft at the end, which enables one easily to reach between and around all tooth surfaces. A hook to hang it by. Three textures: *Hard, medium and soft*. **Price 35 cents**

Sanitol Shaving Creme, the oxygen creme. A new form, a soft jelly in tubes. Ready for instant application. No brush, no soap, no lather. Just apply, then shave. The hygienic method of shaving. **Price 25 cents**

Sanitol Violet-Elite Toilet Soap, a delicately perfumed toilet soap for discriminating persons. An extra fine, pure soap that produces a soft skin and clear complexion. **Price 25 cents**

Sanitol Face Powder, the oxygen face powder, a complexion beautifier that removes the oily and shiny appearance from the skin and brings nature's beauty to the face and neck. Three tints: *Flesh, white, brunette*. **Price 35 cents**

Do not delay. Send your order at once. This offer expires Dec. 31st, 1907

She says, "Sanitol is the best Face Cream I ever used."

The Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company

4254 Laclede Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Makers of All the Sanitol Tooth and Toilet Preparations

He says, "Sanitol is the best Tooth Paste ever made."



50 MEN WROTE THIS "AD"

Every word of it is quoted from 50 unsolicited letters taken from among the hundreds that we are continually receiving.

(Name of any writer sent on application)

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

"Colgate's leaves no smarting sensation."—"It has not smarted on my face."—"There is no irritation."—"It does not have that burning sensation."

"Leaves the face freer from soreness and smarting than any other."—"Makes the skin smooth and comfortable, with a most delightful and cool feeling not obtained by other soaps."—"An agreeableness of feeling that instantly wins one's good humor."—"With its soothing and softening qualities, it is now a pleasure to shave."

"This morning in the Pullman someone was shaving with Colgate's; when I asked him if his face ever smarted, he replied, 'Not that you can notice it.' This helped to get me away from a brand I have used for 15 years—15 years too long!"

"For many years I used 'the only kind that won't smart or dry on the face,' but it often did 'smart' on my face. I sent for a sample of your 'Shaving stick,' and I want nothing better for my use."—"It gives a pleasant, soft, creamy lather."—"Makes it a pleasure to shave."—"Shaves cleaner and leaves the face free from itching."

"Colgate's superiority is particularly pronounced in the point of *not drying on the face*. My experience is by no means isolated, for I have yet to find a man who, having tried Colgate's, would go back to the soap he formerly used."—"I find the lather continues moist until I have finished."—"Yours gives me a smooth, durable lather."—"Yours has a heavier and firmer lather than any other I have used."—"It is a better lather and lasts longer."

"To any man with a wiry beard and tender skin, I most heartily commend Colgate's."—"It is best for a tough beard and tender skin."—"Heretofore I looked forward to shaving with a kind of dread, but with your stick have no trouble at all."



**Does not smart
or dry on
the face**

"Shaving has been a bugbear to me, but since I used Colgate's a real pleasure."—"Have been troubled by a stinging sensation after shaving and blamed my razor; with your soap and the same razor I enjoy a fine, quick shave."

"I had been using 'the only kind that won't smart or dry on the face' but a trial stick of Colgate's convinced me of its superiority."

"I shaved with Colgate's today, and had the first delightful shave since I began shaving myself."—"My morning shave is a luxury, since using your soap."—"Never used a shaving soap that produced the same delightfully cool sensation to the face."

"Have purchased several sticks for friends who are as much pleased with it as I am."—"It is the best I ever used, and I have been shaving for 40 years."

"Your soap is simply delightful."—"It is just grand."—"The handiest, cleanest and best soap I ever used."—"Has given entire satisfaction."—"I could not do without it."—"The results are simply marvelous."—"It is a wonder."—"Indeed a 'Triumph of Modern Chemistry'."—"I agree with you, it is 'the Magic Wand of Shaving'."—"It acts like Magic."—"I never found a perfect soap till I used yours."—"I find it is perfection."

If you will clip and mail to us this paragraph from this advertisement we will send you absolutely free a sample stick, in nickeled box, of Colgate's Shaving Stick.

"I have more than my money's worth."—"I have found your stick all that you set forth."—"It is all and more than you claim for it."—"You don't say enough for it."—"Yours is the Best."—"It is better than the soap I thought was best."—"There's nothing like it."—"It is absolutely the best, I know for I've tried them all."—"I have missed much comfort in not getting acquainted with it sooner."

**"Its Lasting Lather and Pleasant Effect on the Face
Appeal to the Shaver and Make Him a Convert"**

Convince Yourself by Sending 4 Cts. for Trial Stick in Nickeled Box
Colgate & Co., Dept. W, 55 John St., New York

BETTER THAN THE SOAP YOU THOUGHT WAS BEST